75¢
JAN. 15

VOGUE

LOOKS YOU'D LOVE TO WEAR RIGHT NOW

60 GREAT IDEAS
FOR DAY AND NIGHT...
NORTH AND SOUTH...
ALL IN U.S. FABRICS

HYPNOSIS AND YOU

QUICK MEDICAL
THERAPY THAT
MAKES YOUR
LIFE EASIER

THE YOUNG-UP FLORIDA

Step into the world of . . .



VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Very southern belle. Mini-dress and trousering of embroidered white cotton eyelet. From our exclusive Lisa Cobb Collection. $50.

Coiffure by our own Mr. Richard.

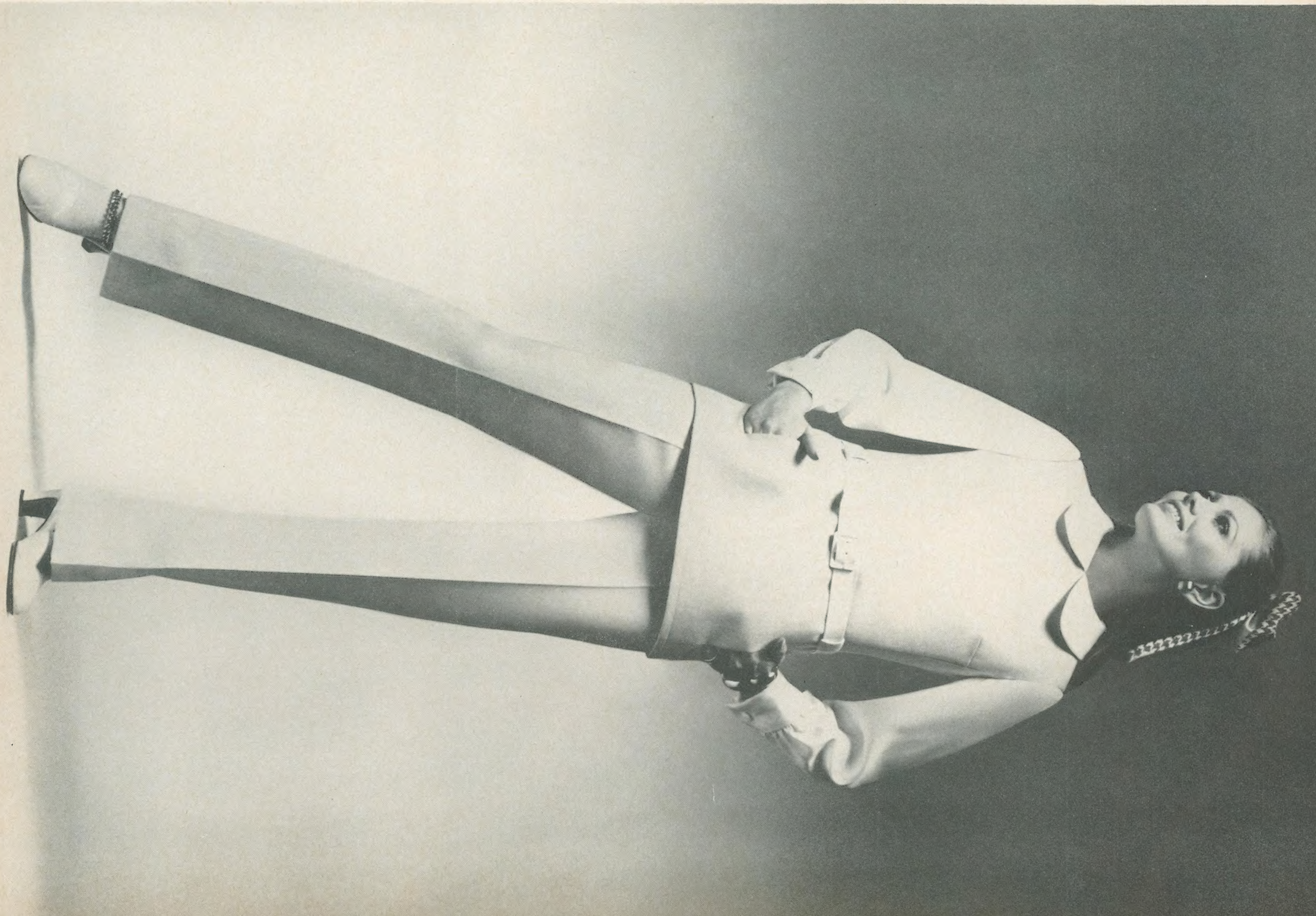


LILLY PULITZER

it's the jumper long-legs, our own Manor-Bourne suit in wool by Anglo Fabrics

CALIFORNIA · SEATTLE · PORTLAND · PHOENIX

I. MAGNIN



JANUARY 15, 1969

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



FRANCO RUBARTELLI

COVER: To wear right now—the jumperdress over pants in spanking-bright scarlet wool, patch-pocketed and flashed with shiny gilt buttons; a white thin wool turtleneck; white wool pants, cut straight—smashing. Turnout by Originala, of Anglo wool, loomed in America. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings, Flemming for Judith McCann. Monet chain: Bonwit Teller. . . . Makeup you'll love to wear right now: sheer, shimmered Air Spun Creme Foundation—here, Creme de Cafe warmed up with Tawny Cream Blusher. On the mouth, Rose Five, a new peachy-pink shade. All by Coty. Coiffure by Alba e Francesca.

FASHION

107 Vogue's eyeview: The girl in the driver's seat
108 Looks we love right now in U. S. fabrics: Shirtdresses day and night, plain and printed. The smash of brown and white in jumpers, weskits, the wide coat. Rain-shine coats splashed with white. New curvecoat—tailoring with large patch pockets. White-belted knits in black, in navy. The white-belted suit in scarlet. The shirt-tunic belted over pants. Short white swings for evening. Long evenings, bared and covered crêpes.
138 The shirtdress—new ways to wear the dress of the year
144 Vogue Patterns: the transparent black shirt worn with black velvet
162 Young-up fashion: sun-snapped looks for the South now, North later
196 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, and Observations

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

70 Intoxicating Ideas for the Tender Mind. By Jonathan Miller
132 People Are Talking About . . . Dr. A. Michael Wood
136 What Hypnosis Can Do For You. By Rosemary Blackmon
150 Young-Up Florida. Photographed by Norman Parkinson
150 Liza and Minnie Pulitzer; Nonie Drexel
152 Florida Sizz at Cypress Garden; Palm Beach Shores
154 Florida Prized—John H. Phipps With His Charolais Cattle
158 Florida Horse Game—Ocala Stud Farm; Chandler Cowles; Colin S. Phipps
184 Governor and Mrs. Claude R. Kirk, Jr.; Dr. Louis G. MacDowell; Dr. Robert H. Simpson
184 Florida Surprises. By George Bradshaw
186 Florida Power Lines: Dr. Kurt H. Debus, Director of the John F. Kennedy Space Center; Mr. and Mrs. John D. MacArthur
188 Florida Sea Experts: Dr. F. G. Walton Smith; Dr. Eugenie Clark
207 Political Revolution and Current Art. By Barbara Rose

FASHIONS IN LIVING

156 The Art Full House of J. Patrick Lannan at Palm Beach
190 The Bedford Davie House of Surprises in Palm Beach
194 The James Fentress House in Hobe Sound

BEAUTY

32 Beauty Checkout: The Sandwich on a Diet
146 Beauty Bulletin: Winter Resorts—how to make your own Fountain of Youth
208 Vogue's Ready Beauty

DEPARTMENTS

94 Vogue's Notebooks: Museum Party in Houston; Début in Brussels
98 Vogue's Spotlight: Theatre. By Anthony West
98 Vogue's Spotlight: Music. By David Amram
100 Vogue's Spotlight: Movies. By Ann Birstein
100 Vogue's Spotlight: Travel. By George Bradshaw
105 Men in Vogue . . . Notes, Quotes, and Votes
202 Prix de Paris thesis
209 Vogue's School Directory

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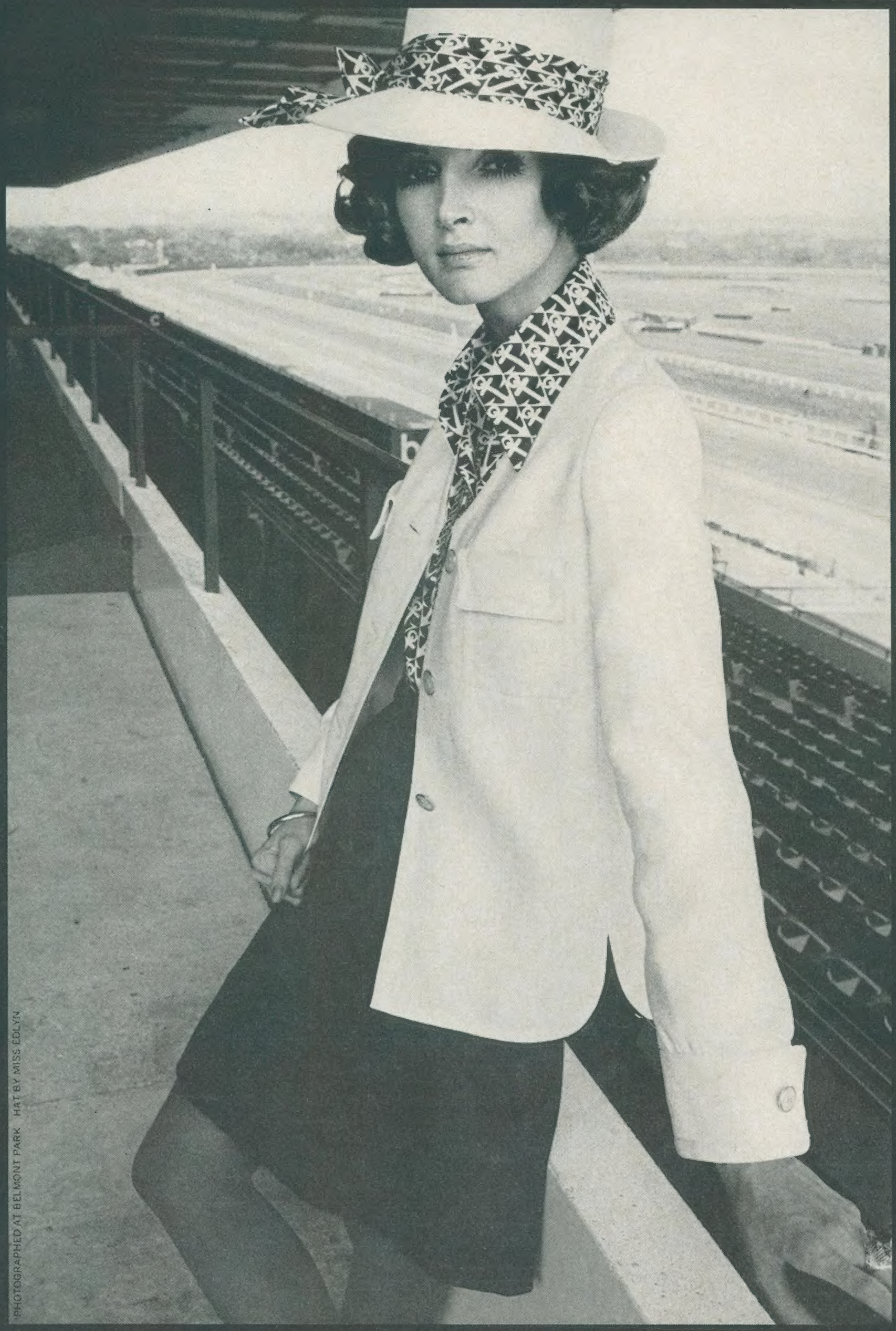
You don't have to shout to prove you're a woman.

The shirt look reaches a beautiful conclusion in an impeccably cut shirt jacket worn with an anchors away silk print shirt and a nicely A-ed skirt. The jacket, about $50; the skirt, about $28, in navy, red and white pure linen by Irish Loom. The shirt, in navy, about $34. Designed by Melba Hobson in sizes 6 to 18.

Is there another way to watch the races?

Abercrombie & Fitch, All Stores; Buffums', Long Beach; Country Miss, Latham (N.Y.); Esther Wolf, Houston; Ivey-Wade, Austin; Frank Murphy, St. Paul; MacNeil & Moore, Milwaukee.

Or for the store in your city, write to: Tannerway, a division of Tanner of North Carolina, 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10018.



Tannerway



EASTERN
we make it easier to fly

Perfect foil for each other: the high-rise, deep V-front dress and its easy shaped coat. By the designer of beautiful collections, BILL BLASS for MAURICE RENTNER, in white cotton overplayed with red and blue. Perfect for your Second Summer in Florida via EASTERN.

FLORIDA
Jordan Marsh
MIAMI FORT LAUDERDALE
WEST PALM BEACH ORLANDO



EASTERN
we make it easier to fly

A fashion perfectionist and a resort knit travel well together. Dirndl skirt, cap-sleeved shell, short jacket of Dacron® polyester-linen by Vivian Gordon for BOTANY MISS. White with natural, 8 to 6, 70.00. Perfect for your Second Summer in Florida via EASTERN.

FLORIDA
Jordan Marsh
MIAMI FORT LAUDERDALE
WEST PALM BEACH ORLANDO



Enjoy takeoff to landing with ultra-smooth poise in PETTI 4's crisp rayon-linen A-line dress. White or mint with tri-tones; detailed at the lowered waistline for added figure flattery. Sizes 8 to 20, 56.00. Perfect for your Second Summer in Florida via EASTERN.

EASTERN
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FLORIDA
Jordan Marsh
MIAMI FORT LAUDERDALE
WEST PALM BEACH ORLANDO



EASTERN
we make it easier to fly

Part of the jet age, this soft flow of a dress by LEO NARDUCCI translated into wondrous Bandura® nylon. Subtle swoop of black and white print, with wide yellow cummerbund. Sizes 6 to 14, 70.00. Perfect for your Second Summer in Florida via EASTERN.

FLORIDA
Jordan Marsh
MIAMI FORT LAUDERDALE
WEST PALM BEACH ORLANDO

EASTERN
we make it easier to fly

In the mood of the moment, Roy Gaynor designs a hand-jeweled and beaded pantgown for JEAN LUTECE. A long-stemmed caprice in pink, blue, white or mint silk-worsted, in sizes 8 to 16, 145.00. Perfect for fabulous Second Summer evenings in Florida via EASTERN.

FLORIDA
Jordan Marsh
MIAMI FORT LAUDERDALE
WEST PALM BEACH ORLANDO

EASTERN
we make it easier to fly

A modern Venus rises from the sea in the grace of lace and pleats. S. HOWARD HIRSH devises the dress and social pant in vanilla polyester-Avril® rayon, sizes 5 to 11, 90.00. Dress alone, 66.00. Perfect for memorable Second Summer evenings in Florida via EASTERN.

FLORIDA
Jordan Marsh
MIAMI FORT LAUDERDALE
WEST PALM BEACH ORLANDO



Roxane for **Samuel Winston**

Roxane speaks an entirely new fashion language:
transparent, frothy, romantic.
Clearly a vocabulary for women. Naked. Nice.
For the woman who is consistently chic.

Martha

Palm Beach 475 Park Avenue Bal Harbour

Pocket the golden treasure cases of Kiku
for an adventure in all-over loveliness. And
live the resort life in Ginori's sunny
linen step-in, snapped up with pockets of its own!
Yellow or white. $70
Young Designer Shop.

SEVEN GREAT STORES IN SOUTH FLORIDA





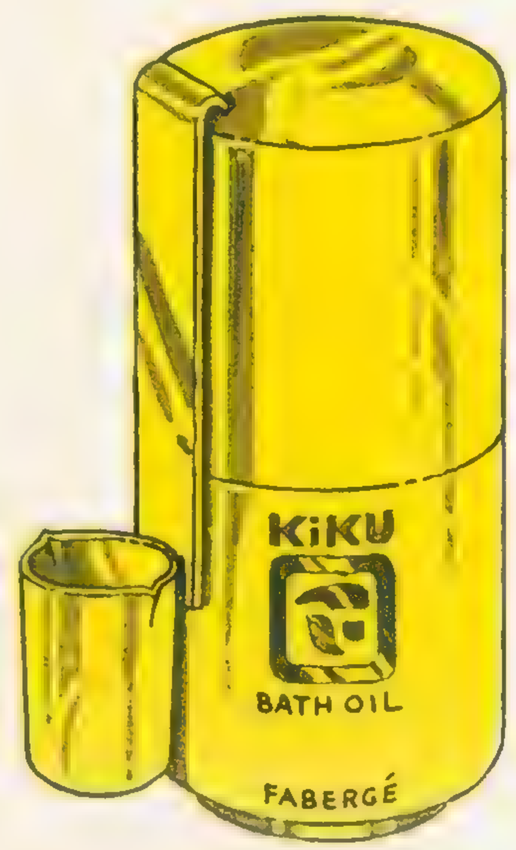
Faberge's KIKU bath powder in glistening yellow globe. $5

Luxuriate in the skin-smoothing richness
of Kiku bath oil, and the elegance of pure silk!
Many-hued shirtdress designed by Shannon Rodgers
for Jerry Silverman in a splashy, plumage-bright
silk print. $125.
Gold Coast Room.

SEVEN GREAT STORES IN SOUTH FLORIDA

B U R D I N E ' S





Faberge's KIKU bath oil, with its own measuring ladle. 7.50

Revel in the exotic scent of Kiku,
and a shiek pantset by Mr. Dino. Brief top
and flared pants in an Oriental-inspired print,
throbbing with color. Texturized Arnel
triacetate. Sizes 6 to 14. $55
Misses' sportswear.

SEVEN GREAT STORES IN SOUTH FLORIDA

BURDINE'S Sunshine Fashions





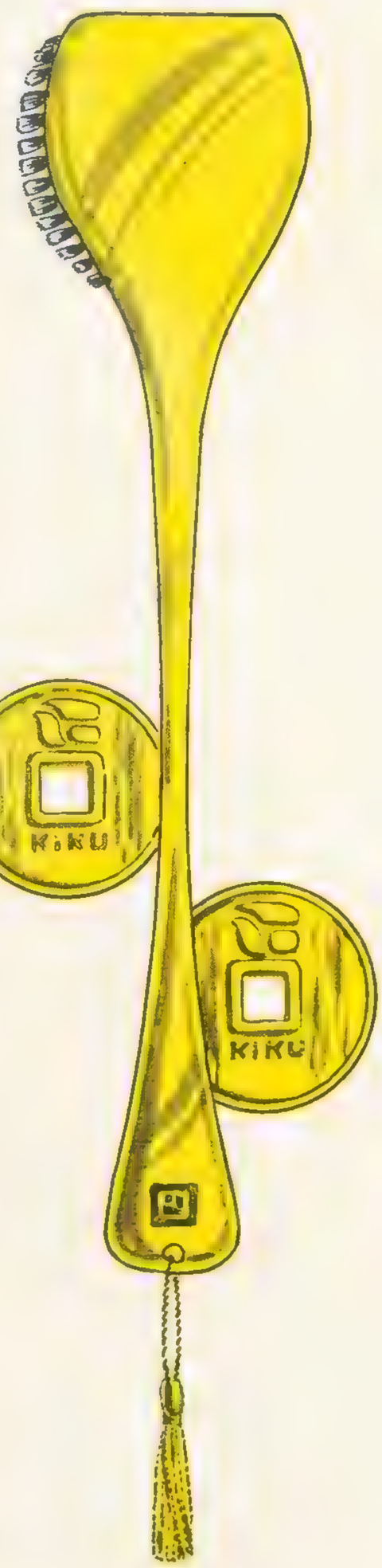
Faberge's KIKU Bodysoft, a smoothing moisture balm. $5

Pamper yourself with Kiku's lavish
bath groomers, and frolic by the sea in
Peter Pan's maillot, designed by Oleg Cassini.
Double knit nylon in navy with white-
rimmed portholes. 8 to 14. $28
Beach shop.

SEVEN GREAT STORES IN SOUTH FLORIDA

BURDINE'S





Faberge's KIKU long-handled back brush and soap set. 7.50



Discover the shamelessly feminine series of Kiku exotics, and Koret's new golden-ringed straws. White, natural or black, with Koret's patented construction and signature lining. Mini-trunk, $24. Top-lock box, $26. Attache, $30
Handbags.

SEVEN GREAT STORES IN SOUTH FLORIDA

BURDINE'S Sunshine Fashions



Faberge's KIKU after-bath cologne, a bracing refresher. $5, 8.50

Enslave yourself in Kiku's love potions
for the bath and Bernardo's slave-girl thongs.
Created exclusively for Burdine's in golden
calf, chained and braceleted in gleaming metal. $35.
Shoe salon.
SEVEN GREAT STORES IN SOUTH FLORIDA

BURDINE'S
Sunshine Fashions





Faberge's KIKU bath soap set in keepsake box. $5


NATIONAL

Miami Beach Convention Hall



Wilroy jets National to Miami Beach

Miami Beach—pulsating, vibrant, with a non-stop versatility that makes it the sun-and-fun capital of the world. The way to fly there: National Airlines. Its sunshine colours, friendly smiles and lavish service project an "instant Florida" image so your vacation begins the minute you board the plane. The center of the resort picture: a carefree vacation wardrobe with Wilroy's special fashion signature — travel-happy Bandura™ prints, knitted of Du Pont nylon. Great travelling companions—a dashing go-everywhere, travelling coat with matching dress in an enthusiastic floral pattern. Beige, orange, and white. Coat and dress: $106. Dress alone: 6-18. $36. Wilroy's exciting linear print—a great dress for sightseeing about town. Pink and white. 6-18. $40. Contrasting with the lush tropical foliage, the bold dimensions of a plaid pant-dress with flippant pleats. Navy, brown and white. 6-16. $50.

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Wilroy jets National to Miami Beach

The leisure life as it's lived in Miami Beach is a total enjoyment of nature. The sun, surf, beaches and waterways offer fun, relaxation and a chance to enjoy a myriad of outdoor sports. Nature is also the inspiration for Wilroy's newest concept: light-as-air, pure white Ban-Lon® lace sportswear. It has a special pampered look, and the marvelous blend of DuPont nylon makes it the perfect travel wardrobe. Another way to feel pampered: travel on National's modern jets where you get that "Florida feeling," person-to-person service, and a speedy trip to the sun country in luxury and comfort. Three luxurious Wilroys to take along: stunning pants turnout with belted tunic shirt. Pants: 6-18. $30. Shirt: 6-18. $36. In the shade of a towering palm, lacy tunic swimsuit with its own matching pants. 6-16. $36. And as always, Wilroy provides the perfect complement—the flirtatious lace coverup. 6-18. $30.



Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK





Wilroy jets National to Miami Beach

Wilroy focuses on the magnificent skyline of Miami Beach...with its resort hotels, luxury apartments and oceanfront homes—the ultimate in relaxed year-round living or vacation excitement. And it's all yours to enjoy when you fly National...after all, they're the ones who turned Florida into an airline. The Wilroy Travellers,® brilliant Bandura™ prints knitted of Du Pont nylon, combine practicality with a fabulous fashion look to make resort life even more enjoyable. A splash of colour on the horizon: marvelous evening culottes. 6-18. $55. Making a brilliant fashion statement, a nonchalant blouson dress designed for insouciant living. Pink and white. 6-18. $40. The contemporary shirt look, reflecting the vibrant life, in a vivid print of super-size poppies. Pink and white. 6-18. $45.

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

All Wilroy fashions featured on these pages, also available at fine stores listed on page 70.



National Airlines




The end of the girdle end.



Introducing new Control-Top Pantyhose. It does something no girdle can do.

Men love tummies. And nice round thighs. But too much of either can be too much of a good thing.

If you've got too much of a good thing, you're probably wearing a girdle. But under pants, a girdle stuffs you in. And like all stuffings, you're bound to come out where the girdle ends.

Burlington-Cameo's new Control-Top Pantyhose is a little like a girdle. It keeps lumps from lumping and bulges from bulging. But unlike a girdle, it has no end. The control panty part is Lycra® spandex and stretch nylon. It flows into the stocking part. That's sheer nylon. So you get one smooth line. It holds you but leaves enough wiggle to keep everybody interested. But not gaping.

Control-Top Pantyhose come in eight great colors. You never know when you might want to kick off your shoes and show what's under your pants.

BurlingtonCameo
$4.00 each

B Altman & Co

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD LITWIN

THREE GREAT WAYS TO MAKE YOUR TRIP A BREEZE...

Ban-Lon® dresses are "must haves" for Florida. These silhouettes remain immaculate...no matter how many hours they've been in flight. Opposite page, printed nylon jerseys by Wilroy, 8 to 16. Left to right: flower garden; blue with tangerine, yellow and lime, or soft beige with pink, lilac and melon. 40.00. Floral panels: pale lime with pink and blue. 32.00. This page, left: Dacron® polyester crepe by Valley Set, 8 to 16, yellow spark or bright blue. 55.00. Right: the "Hertz Girl" uniform.
B. Altman & Co., Third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

Ban-Lon®

Northeast Airlines brings the great Yellowbird fleet as close to you as possible, to make your trip as short as possible. They now fly to Florida from Kennedy, LaGuardia and Newark. 24 flights a day to Florida...3 to the Bahamas! Warm sunshine, glistening sands, fabulous vacationlands are as close to you as your friendly neighborhood Yellowbird. Call Northeast for reservations today ...or call your travel agent. You'll wish they flew everywhere!

NE NORTHEAST



Hertz says: after you see America from a jet, see it again...from five feet and 45 m.p.h. When you land, wherever you land, you can get in a car and explore the country that's all around you. Through Hertz, or through your travel agent, you can reserve a Ford or another good car at almost any airport. And not just a car, but also, at many of these airports, maps and tour folders with ideas of where to drive.

Hertz®

B Altman & Co

THREE GREAT WAYS TO MAKE YOUR TRIP A BREEZE...

Bandura™ relaxables add hours to your beach days. You'll love the rich new texture of this elegant lightweight nylon...the ultimate in tropical comfort. Opposite page: scarf waisted culottes: pale blues, pinks and lavender. 6 to 12. 90.00. This page: empire swim suit. Pink print. 8 to 16. 27.00. Matching wide leg pajamas. 8 to 14. 46.00. B. Altman & Co., Third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

Bandura™

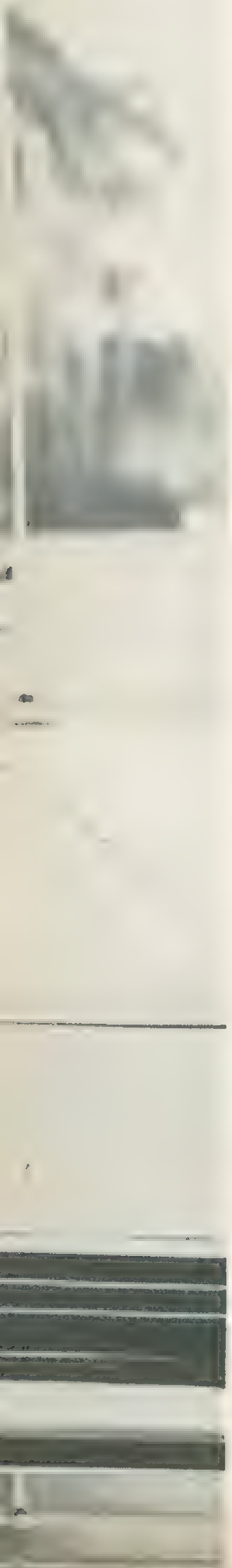
Northeast Airlines serves steak the way it's served to you at home! Directly from the broiler; sizzling, tender and surrounded with love. Beautifully broiled steak, in first class and economy, with every lunch and dinner, served with full sized silverware. And that's not all. You get a big fluffy pillow for your head, a soft furry lap robe to snuggle under, unusual magazines, comfortable travel slippers, kind words and tender care. Call your travel agent or Northeast for reservations on a Yellowbird. You'll wish they flew everywhere!

NE NORTHEAST

Hertz says: when your plane lands, you still won't be where you're going. You can get where you're going, in a Ford or another good car from Hertz. A call to your nearest Hertz office, or to your travel agent, will reserve a car for you at most major airports. And if you know where you're going but not how to get there, we'll give you diagrams and maps and tour guides to help you get around.

Hertz ®







PHOTOGRAPHED AT GULF STREAM PARK

B Altman & Co



THREE GREAT WAYS TO MAKE YOUR TRIP A BREEZE...

Minicare® cottons are true travel champions. And "mini" means mini washing, mini ironing, mini everything except beauty in these luxurious separates. Assorted multicolor prints with sleek candy pink slacks. Opposite page: McMullen blouse 12.00, shorts 20.00. This page, left to right: McMullen overblouse, 26.00. Slacks, 23.00. Fly front dress, 45.00. B. Altman & Co., Third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

Minicare®

Northeast Airlines pampers every lady passenger, with extra space for garment bags. There's a special place for wig boxes... your beautiful wardrobe of hairpieces flies right along with you. There are special checking facilities at Kennedy and LaGuardia where you can leave your Winter coats and boots, along with city cares ...pick up your clothing when you return to New York. Fly a Northeast Yellowbird to Florida and the Bahamas. You'll wish they flew everywhere!

NE NORTHEAST

Hertz says: a great vacation is a happy medium somewhere between staying in one place and barnstorming the country. And the way you reach this happy medium is by reserving a car from Hertz at a special vacation rate, available at many Hertz locations. For just $98 you can have an air-conditioned Ford Galaxie Sedan or other standard sedan for seven days including insurance, your first tank of gas and 500 miles with no mileage charge. Call your nearest Hertz office for specific information on this plan and on the places where the rate is available.

Hertz®

PHOTOGRAPHED AT GULF STREAM PARK

Jordan Marsh – Miami, Kaufman's,
Bloomingdales, Filene's, Rike's



For
The Good
Life by
David Smith.

The dress to wear everywhere.
In coral/white, yellow/white,
green/white, blue/white.
100% Trevira® polyester knit. 6-16. $35.

DS
by David Smith
David H. Smith Inc., 1407 B'way, N.Y.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

January 15

Sandwiches that go on a diet

Did John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich, really invent the idea of having his meat between slices of bread, the less to interfere with his gambling? Presumably he thought up the soft-bread aspect of a sandwich. But centuries before the Earl was a gleam in his father's eye, field workers and journey takers were munching luncheons housed in bread. . . . Certainly the Earl gave the sandwich his name. And equally indisputably, Eleanor Hansberry—inventive beauty, food connoisseur, vivid participant in the good life—two centuries later gave sandwiches a new dimension. Boarding-school "plump," she embarked in her teens on diet. True to dieter tradition, she developed craving for forbidden fruit: in her case, bread. With the collaboration of an imaginative miller, she developed a loaf not only "diet" but delicious—*and* thin sliced. "In those days," Mrs. Hansberry said in reference to her pioneer stand on diet bread, "you couldn't get a thin-sliced bread. I liked it that way, produced it that way, and apparently started the trend." . . .

Hollywood Special Formula Bread is the thin-sliced sesame-seeded loaf that Mrs. Hansberry wrought. Along with honey, molasses, wheat, and kelp, eight stone-ground vegetable flours are involved, pumpkin, artichoke, wild lettuce among them. The name derives from Hollywood, Fla., not Cal., and that Floridian Hollywood is still the home base for a bread that does its best to keep people in trim now throughout the Americas and Europe. (Over two hundred bakeries are franchised to use its special magic under the watchful policing of Mrs. Hansberry's Florida laboratories.) . . . Whole wheat or white Hollywood bread checks in officially at 46 calories a slice. "It's usually less," Mrs. Hansberry said, "but we state the maximum possibility." This compares with 60 to 75 calories for the normal slice of bread. . . .

Here, a few classic sandwiches trimmed down to size in the calorie department, sandwiches that have, in effect, gone Hollywood. *Bookmaker's sandwich:* Broil ½"-thick lean steak and cut to sandwich size. When cold, enclose in Hollywood bread, spread with English mustard. . . . *Cucumber-watercress sandwich:* Discs of cucumber and sprigs of watercress on Hollywood bread lathered generously with sour cream. . . . *Dijonais sandwich:* Diced hard-boiled eggs, ham, and strands of fresh parsley on bread spread with Dijon mustard. . . . *Hot minced clams:* Drain canned minced clams, mix with a little evaporated skimmed milk, season, and stir until smooth in saucepan over fire. When hot, spread on Hollywood toast. . . . *Hot Parmesan Greenery canapes:* Cut bread into rounds. Toast on one side. Blend grated Parmesan cheese, mayonnaise, and parsley. Pile thick cheese mixture in high mound on untoasted side of bread round. Place in oven on baking sheet and heat until cheese begins to melt. . . . *Mozzarella in carrozza:* "Cheese in carriage." Cut mozzarella into thin slices, make a sandwich with Hollywood bread brushed with olive oil. Broil a few minutes both sides until golden. Sprinkle anchovies on top. Serve hot, with salad. . . . *Steak Tartare:* Named for the lusty Tartars who took their meat right off the hoof. Mix seasoned, uncooked, top-round ground beef with chives and raw egg, spread thickly on one slice of Hollywood dark bread. Serve with chopped onion and capers. . . . *Vegetarian chicken sandwich:* Soyameat comes canned, tastes and looks like chicken meat. Sandwich it with lettuce, mayonnaise, tomato. . . . *Welsh Rabbit:* Heat and stir together diced cheese, beer or ale, an egg. Add English mustard and Worcestershire sauce. When cheese is melted, pour over toasted Hollywood bread and brown under broiler. . . . And it's really "rabbit" not "rare-bit" if you'd believe the legend that it was the Welsh cooks' answer to their menfolks' less impressive hunting trips. . . .

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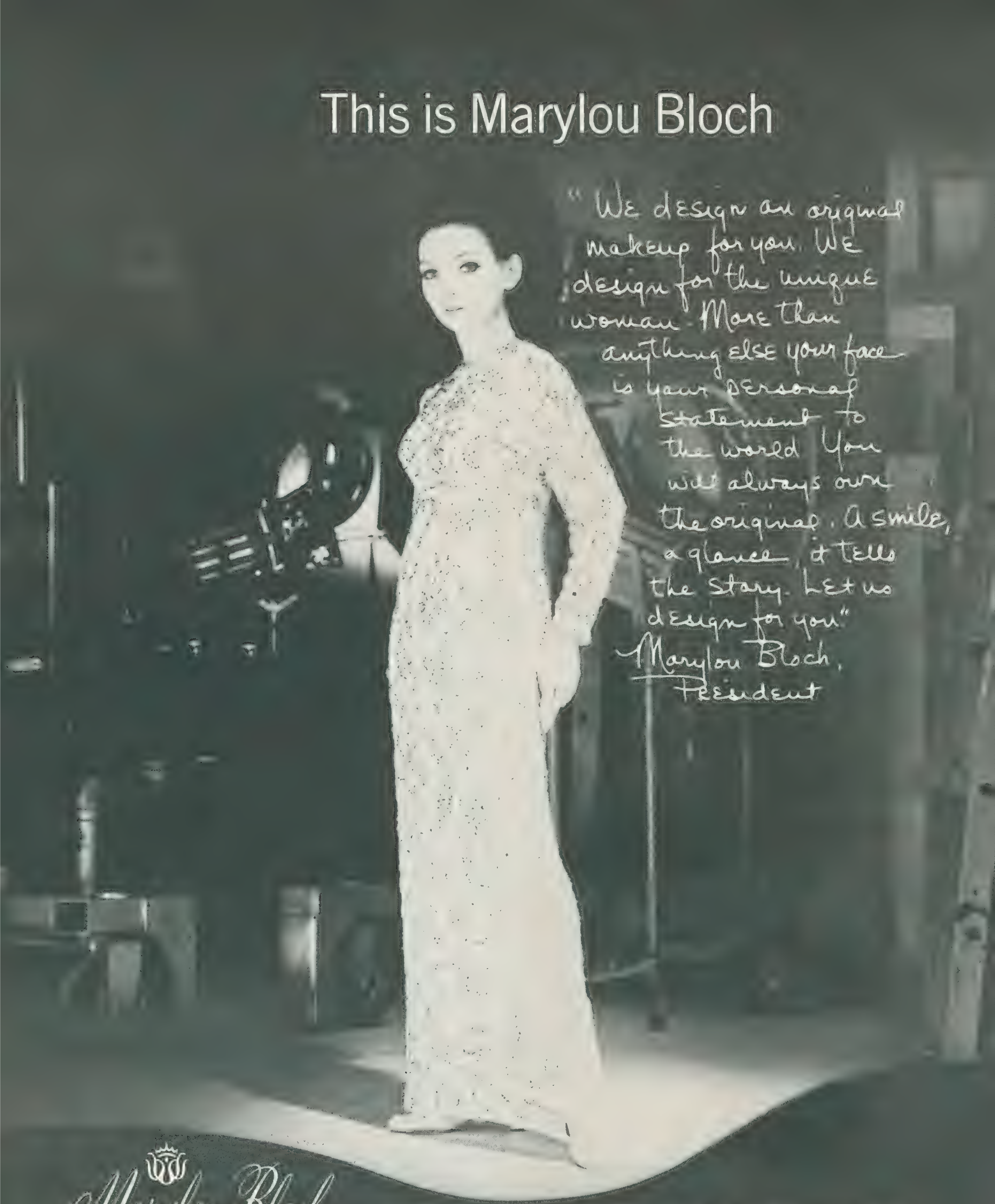
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ELEANOR R. HANSBERRY-BUSY BREADWINNER







Eleanor R. Hansberry, president, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of National Bakers Services, Inc. is a vivacious lady and a creative business woman.

How she has found time to manage her growing business enterprises and maintain her many social interests is just as mystifying as the secret formula for the product that started it all... Hollywood Special Formula Bread.

Mrs. Hansberry is pictured opposite in her elegant penthouse office in the new Hollywood Bread Building, Hollywood, Florida, where she plans future business activities with her staff of key executives.

Hollywood Bread's plush headquarters are far removed from Chicago, where, some thirty years ago, a chance remark by a friend inspired Mrs. Hansberry to develop a special purpose bread. She sought the help of a prominent miller and cereal expert (whose company she eventually purchased) and between them they developed the formula still used today.

Imagine a bread that uses eight different vegetable flours. Eleanor Hansberry did! The proportions are secret, but the ingredients aren't: wheat, celery, cabbage, parsley, pumpkin, artichoke, carrots, cauliflower, kelp, wild lettuce, honey, molasses...The combination of these and many other ingredients, milled and blended to perfection, have made Hollywood Bread world famous.

Today, Eleanor R. Hansberry distributes her bread through more than 200 bakeries in the United States, Canada, South America and Europe. And she has still found time to develop some exciting new ideas in the food and beauty field.

Before long you'll be aware of Hollywood Diet Cola and Hollywood Diet Frozen Dinners. Also planned are nationally franchised Eleanor of Hollywood beauty salons (the pilot is already in operation in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida) and a line of Eleanor of Hollywood cosmetics. Whether Eleanor R. Hansberry is negotiating a contract, entertaining at Hollywood House, or aboard her new yacht, Miss Hollywood III, she radiates charm and beauty. But she is always happiest in the company of her best friends, the bakers who distribute her favorite product, Hollywood Bread.





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St. Louis, Missouri .....Broadstreet's
St. Petersburg, Fla. .....Le Pavillion
Salem, Mass. .....L. H. Rogers
Sarasota, Fla. .....Mademoiselle
Scarsdale, N. Y. .....Mary Rothman
Sikeston, Missouri .....Elite Shop
Skokie, Illinois .....Broadstreet's
Southampton, N. Y. .....Frederick's
South Orange, N. J. .....Leslie Shoppe
Springfield, Mass. .....Gay Lee Apparel
Springfield, Missouri
Billie's Feminine Fashions
Steubenville, Ohio ..The Hub of Steubenville
Springfield, Delaware County, Pa.
Wm. H. Wanamaker
Swampscott, Mass. .....Cele Taylor
Teaneck, N. J. .....Alice Cooper
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Waterbury, Conn. .....Freedman's
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Wynnewood, Pa. ....Wally's dresses 'n things
Yorktown Heights, N. Y. ..Claire Lieberman

INTOXICATING IDEAS FOR THE TENDER MIND

By Jonathan Miller

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Now best known as an uncommonly brilliant director in the theatre, films, and television, Jonathan Miller began his career in England as a doctor of medicine. In 1960 he jumped the spark gap between science and the arts as one of the four loopy Establishment-busters in the revue* Beyond the Fringe, *which he partly wrote, and in which he had a diverting time acting in Edinburgh, London, and New York.*

One of the advantages of changing careers in midstream is that you sometimes get a chance to find out how the other half thinks. Not that society is *really* divided into halves, but there are temperamental poles in human nature, and if you make a move in the right direction, you can occasionally cross from one community into another and discover ways of thinking which are absolutely different from anything you've met before. This is more or less what happened to me when I shifted from Medicine into Show Biz. Although, oddly enough, deep as I can now see the differences to be, it took me three years to notice them, distracted as I was at first by all the incidental features of the new life.

After the novelty wore off, once I had become inured to the frivolous conviviality, I began to appreciate something far more fundamental. There was a difference in the whole cast of thought, and it really had nothing whatever to do with the fact that my previous colleagues had been practising medicine while the new ones were performing on the stage. It had something to do with gullibility versus skepticism and with an unchecked appetite that show folk seemed to have for the irrational, the miraculous hearsay, the unknown, and the occult.

Up to the age of twenty-eight or so I don't think I had ever met anyone who had been to a séance. No one I knew went to anyone except a doctor when he felt unwell, and the only person I had met who believed that the stars affected our future was my Nanny. Not that I had ever consciously ruled any of these things out. I had no beliefs whatsoever on the subject, and I can't think of anyone else who went out of his way to criticize palmists, mediums, crystal gazers, dietary faddists, or gurus of one sort or another.

There was no argument about the matter because it wasn't even an issue. But three years in the theatre changed all that. Before long I found I was defending, almost without knowing that I was doing so, a position which I had never thought I had held. I must have done, of course. It wasn't just an anti-conversion which fell on me out of the blue. I must have entered this new world armed with prejudices I had brought in from the old.

What happened was this. As my ears got tuned to the din of ordinary theatrical gossip, I began to pick up all sorts of other references which slowly added together to drive me mad with irritation. In the breaks between rehearsals, actors would swap notes about acupuncture and Ouija boards. Girls would grab my hand and offer to read the palm and would be quite offended if I were amused. There was serious talk about haunted digs and wild claims for the miraculous power of vitamin B_{12} (never the other eleven, mind you, just B_{12}).

One of the most elaborate beliefs was connected with an odd theory about "the unused third of the human brain." According to this hypothesis, scientists have only been able to find a function for about two-thirds or possibly three-quarters of the human brain. As a result, each of us has about forty million nerve cells going to waste and perhaps even to wrack and ruin. If only we could irrigate this neural desert, or so the theory goes, we would increase our capacity to superhuman levels.

A variant of this theory suggests that the cells *are* being used, but for telepathy, and that if only we could switch off the noise made by all the other cells, we would be in touch with the thoughts of everyone around; perhaps even with the dead or, even better still, with extraterrestrial beings who have been trying for years to get a message through the atmospherics of our humdrum thinking.

The methods suggested for opening up this Negev in the brain vary from person to person. Some people say that LSD will do the trick and that this is what happens when consciousness expands into psychedelia. Others say drugs are too crude and that meditation will coax the unemployed cells into action, opening up great vistas of experience beside which ordinary thought will look like a dirty little backyard. As you can see, this theory has a curious capacity to join up with others of the same sort. In fact, all the ideas are built on a sort of Lego plan which allows them to link up with one another. What I had stumbled on was a complete thought system, a pop cosmology where the whole world hung together in a beautiful spiritual envelope.

Any objections I had to all this generally produced the same response: "Scientists don't know everything" and "there are more things in heaven and earth," et cetera. Actually, science played a very strange part in all this. On the one hand, many of the reports took their origin from works "some scientists in America had been doing," and I "had better watch out as the whole thing is going to burst into the serious journals before very

(Continued on page 91)

Intoxicating Ideas

(Continued from page 70)

long." However, if it were suggested that the whole thing might be nonsense and that this wasn't the sort of thing that scientists worked on anyway, the argument would immediately be turned upside down and scientists accused of bloody-minded insensitivity.

The whole system has a very peculiar intellectual life of its own, and at one and the same moment it's both an imitation and a savage criticism of science. The contradictions of this position, far from being a flaw, seemed to represent one of its principal attractions. If I pointed out the contradiction, the answer would usually be that this was just the point, and that the whole thing was getting so complicated that the scientists themselves didn't quite know what it was they were discovering.

It would be very unfair to pretend that actors were alone in thinking like this—not that all of them do—but I first noticed the habit in the theatre, and that is where it struck me hardest on first leaving the medical profession. But before very long I found that it was widespread in all those professions connected with the performing arts and particularly where fame, vanity, and sudden fortune were the order of the day. Young photographers talk the same way, so do their models. And many pop singers think like this as well (gurus, meditation, and trips to the East).

This kind of thinking is not confined to professions either; rich jetsetters are almost worse than anyone about B_{12}, mediums, and the forthcoming resurrection of King Arthur. It has something to do with living amongst ideas without having been trained to vet them. Many actors, for example, start work before they have had a chance to receive a systematic higher education; but unlike their peers who go into factories or offices, actors plunge straight into an atmosphere where all sorts of intoxicating ideas come steaming off the hot surface of literature. In fact they continue their education in the course of their work, meeting peculiar, half-formed ideas which circulate freely without any principles according to which they could be judged. However, I don't think it can all be put down to occupational hazard. Certain jobs may help to confirm and exaggerate spiritual tendencies, but people usually have these before choosing how to earn their living. In fact, you might put it the other way around and say that people with certain styles of thought go for occupations in which they will be most comfortable.

What I am talking about is something that was noticed almost exactly sixty years ago by the American philosopher William James when he made the distinction between the tough minded and the tender minded: "It suffices for our immediate purpose that tender-minded and tough-minded people . . . do both exist. Each of you probably knows some well-marked example of each type, and you know what each example thinks of the example on the other side of the line. They have a low opinion of each other. Their antagonism, whenever as individuals their temperaments have been intense, has formed in all ages a part of the philosophic atmosphere of the time. . . . The tough think of the tender as sentimentalists and soft heads. The tender feel the tough to be unrefined, callous, or brutal. . . . Each type believes the other to be inferior to itself; but disdain in the one case is mingled with amusement, in the other it has a dash of fear."

Naturally, this division is not meant to be hard and fast. No one person is a dyed-in-the-wool representative of either extreme, but most people at least lean in one direction or the other. The tender-minded person likes to see the world in terms of large-scale principles, while the tough mind prefers to take it bit by bit in terms of facts which can be proved. The tough mind is on the whole irreligious, pessimistic, and skeptical; while the tender one is optimistic, spiritual, and dogmatic.

In the ordinary course of events you perhaps wouldn't expect the tender minded to have any interest in science at all, so that it seems odd to find people

(Continued on page 92)



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Intoxicating Ideas

(Continued from page 91)

like this referring again and again to brains, vitamins, and radiation. But the fact is that, whether you like it or not, science looms very large in the modern consciousness: and unless you withdraw from it altogether, deny its very existence, and retreat into a thorough-going mysticism, it is almost inevitable that science or some misunderstood version of it will figure in your cosmology.

This happened in the nineteenth century when the tender minded tried to make a treaty with the new régime by inventing systems which incorporated semi-scientific ideas into the pre-existing body of romantic dogma. Writing under the growing cloud of mechanistic biology, the poet Tennyson hoped: "I think we are not wholly brain, magnetic mockeries" and, partly in an effort to give this hope substance, the Victorians invented the "science" of Spiritualism.

The futile compromise which Spiritualism represents has outlived its inventors; and right to this day the community of the tender minded, large as ever, continues to enjoy its woozy assurances. But the fact is, of course, that Spiritualism *was* only a compromise; and for all its attempts to use ideas taken from biology and physics, it falls down, even before it starts, by making claims that don't actually mean anything.

Spiritualist literature of the nineteenth century is full of terms borrowed without permission from the physical sciences. Not content with claiming that the soul was real, the Victorians insisted on making it concrete, too, and even invented a name, ectoplasm, to describe the stuff from which it was made.

Only ten years before, biologists had coined the name protoplasm in order to label the vital material from which living cells were made. Without really understanding it, the Spiritualists simply translated the term to suit their own anxious hopes about the reality of the human spirit. Now they felt ready to compete with science on its own terms. "We've got a plasm, too!" they declared. "So the soul is as real as cells are." And since James's temperamental schism knows no professional boundaries, there were even tender-minded physicists such as Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge who loaned out physical ideas of the Ether in order to furnish the scientific ambitions of Spiritualism.

The endeavour was rotten to the core, however, and it only anaesthetized the intelligence to invent semi-scientific phrases. The claim for the survival of the human personality was hopelessly confused as a basic idea, since no one had bothered to find out exactly what was meant by saying that human personality survived death. What, for example, was the precise force of a notion of personal identity without the body?

The fate of Vitamin B_{12} is more or less the same. The substance itself has a perfectly respectable scientific pedigree, and when pharmacologists discovered its powerful effect on pernicious anaemia there was a good deal of justified excitement among the experts. Before long, however, the excitement leaked out but without any reference to the detailed knowledge which backed it. Before very long B_{12} became a panacea, and nowadays actors and débutantes take it like aspirin. What happened was that a highly specific chemical substance got taken up by the tender minded and was spiritualized into an elixir.

This is the way in which the tender minded come to terms with the otherwise threatening intellectual hardware of modern science. As James pointed out, the tender mind sees the universe all in one piece animated from the centre by a large analogue of the human spirit. They can not bear the idea that the universe might be inanimate and that man is alone among the rocks and the neutrons. However, they can't ignore these new principles. They hear about them every day. So they prefer, instead, by means of huge cloudy theories to capture the new entities of science and convert them through willful misunderstanding into active principles of universal vitality. In fantasy, at least, the scientist becomes an ally instead of an enemy. It's rather like the Greeks who reassured themselves by renaming the Furies as the Kindly Ones. It's a hopeless delusion, of course.

The alternative defense is to deny science altogether, and there are signs that as science becomes more and more abstruse the tender minded are resorting to this position as opposed to the rotten compromises of the nineteenth century and after. By cutting the losses from making hopelessly unequal treaties with science, they have retreated instead into a Maharishi mysticism and abdicated the effort of making a contact which perhaps they recognize as absurd.

Each day the scientific community becomes more and more hermetic, its doctrines more distant, and the terms of each specialty so hard to understand that fewer people make the effort to try and compromise with it. Instead, we are getting a neurotic withdrawal from science altogether, and within the next twenty years the tender minded will huddle together in the shelter of chronic ecstasy. If this happens, and there are signs all around that it might, there will be a tragic schism in the human community. William James's division, once a vivid abstraction, will become hardened into an institutional iron curtain, and the human race will become a house divided against itself.

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THE PLEASURE OF PEONIES

For readers who enjoyed the six pages of magnificent peonies photographed in colour by Irving Penn in the December issue of Vogue, and who have wanted to know the source of these flowers, we take pleasure in acknowledging the help of Mr. André Viette who supplied all the peonies from his horticultural centre: Martin Viette Nurseries, Northern Boulevard (25A), East Norwich, Long Island, New York 11732.

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VOGUE'S

Art, fantasy, and fun—
a museum party, in Texas



1



2

"Like landing on a cloud in Barbarella's spaceship," said one guest at this party for Houston's Museum of Fine Arts. Hundreds of people drifting into Mies van der Rohe's solid Cullinan Hall found bolts of translucent raincoating swagged from a bubble dome. On a high pavilion the orchestra played above a dancing ground hazed in silver discs and, on tables, aluminum spangles deflected candlelight.



3

From Texas fantasy, guests veered to an African show of Benin sculptures, rare, intricate bronzes of warriors, beasts, birds, and monarchs from the ancient kingdom of Benin in Nigeria. Crystalline sculptures, more perishable but less rare, decorated the midnight buffet of Indian curries: tall swans carved in ice. Blending improbables this fantasy ball captured surprise.



4



5

NOTEBOOK



6



7

1. Dancers in the spangled pavilion of the museum. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Alan S. Finger. 3. Miss Carol Owen and Mr. Edward Gilbert, the British decorator of this Texas party. 4. Mrs. Oscar S. Wyatt, junior, and Mr. Robert T. Sakowitz. 5. Mrs. Trimble Runnells and Mr. Henry B. Platt. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Warren. 7. Mr. Edward Rotan, president of the Houston Museum of Fine Arts. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mosbacher with the Benin sculptures; in the foreground, a sixteenth-century bronze, Head of a King. 9. Mr. Jay Howard Cohen and Mrs. Conard D. Moore. 10. Mrs. Whitfield Marshall and Mrs. Alvin M. Owsley, junior. 11. Miss Pamela Zauderer and Mr. Loren E. Dunlap.



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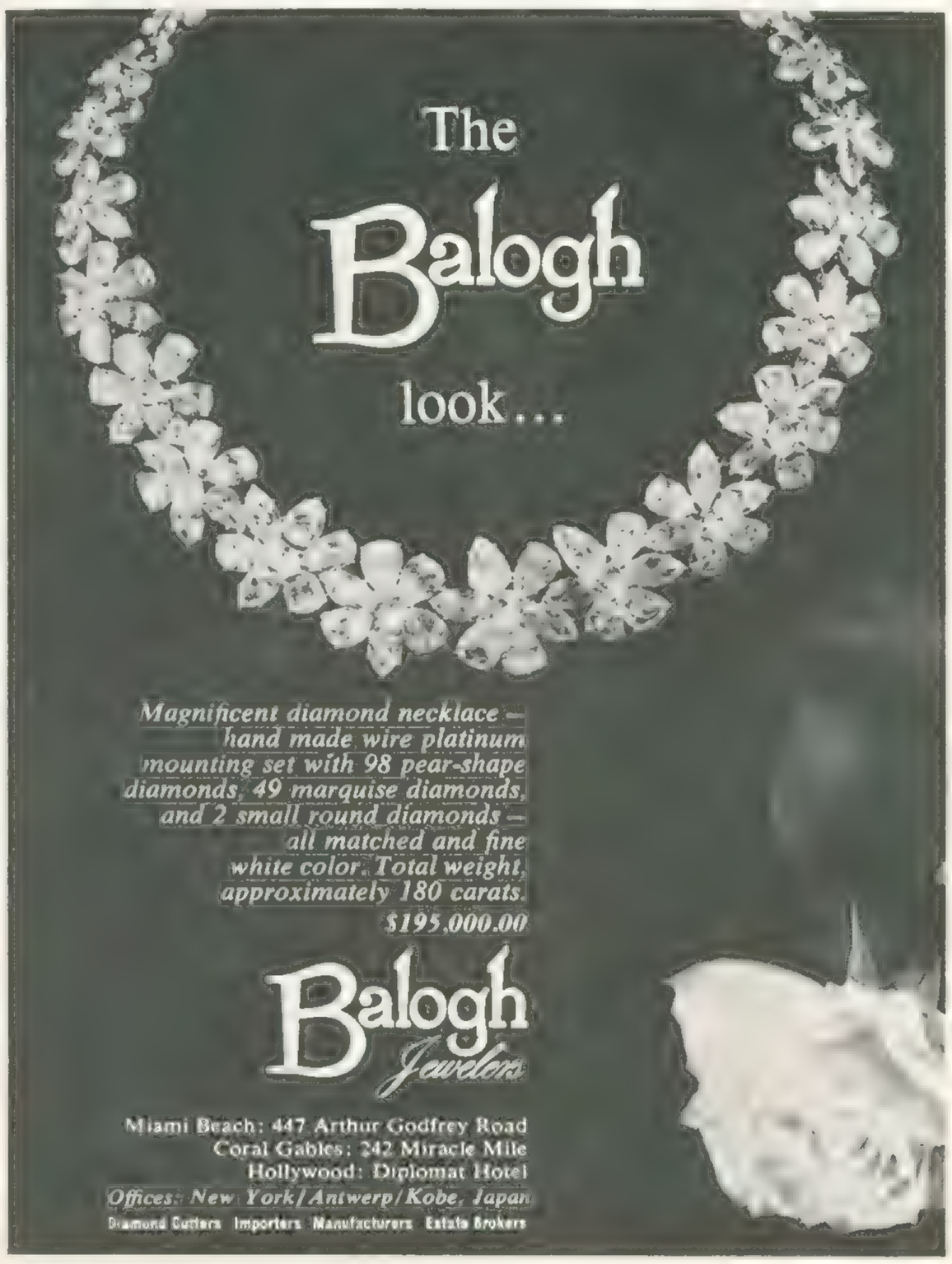


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VOGUE'S

Prismatic party in Brussels



1



2

In a splash of moods and rooms, H.H. Princesse Albert Edouard de Ligne spirited up a party for her daughter, Princesse Wanda de Ligne, and her kindle of young friends. In and around Princesse de Ligne's town house in Brussels, the action cut from downstairs in a summery trellissed tent, canopied in pink-and-white cretonne, where a Jerk band of five spaced sound, to a one-o'clock supper in the drawing room, all crimson and gold, with red Persian-print tablecloths. From the drawing room, the guests surged into a mock nightclub, checkered black and white, with photographs of American movie stars of the twenties and thirties projected in colour on the walls. The live beat there: three flamenco yé-yé guitars.

From dinner to dawn, the guests zipped through this surprise fling of periods, nationalities, and styles, the pace broken with breakfast of *soupe à l'oignon* and omelettes.



3



4



5

JACK NISBERG

NOTEBOOK



6



7



8



9



10

1. M. Maurice Martin, Princesse Wanda de Ligne, Sr. Vladimir Antoniades, M. Henri de Radzitzky. 2. H.H. Princesse Albert Edouard de Ligne, Comte Sallier de la Tour. 3. Mlle. Séverine d'Audiffret-Pasquier, Sr. Chico de Quevedo. 4. Baron Dominique de Selys-Longchamps, Mlle. Catherine Blaton. 5. Comtesse Yolande d'Oultremont, Comtesse Axel de Borchgrave. 6. M. Edouard Washer, H.R.H. Princesse Paola de Liège. 7. Mlle. Marianita Paternotte de la Vaillée. Baron Daniel de Selys-Longchamps, Comte Louis du Chastel de la Howarderie. 8. Mlle. Lesline d'Harcourt, Mlle. Oriane de Cabrol. 9. Marqués de Salobral, Mlle. Anne-Marie de Ganay. 10. Nightclub with guitarists Los Payos from Seville.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

Big Time Buck White, "*rare satire*"

About two thirds of Joseph Dolan Tuotti's comedy *Big Time Buck White* is pure joy. It is that very rare American thing, first-rate political satire, dealing with the antic zone where the grass roots melt into the lunatic fringe. BAD is the Beautiful Alleluiah Days organization. This is an ad hoc unit that has been set up in Watts by an operator who has the simple aim of mopping up any loose Federal project money that there may be knocking about on the local poverty scene. His efforts have been successful, and the action of the piece is concerned with the inevitable consequence—a power struggle inside BAD to determine who is to have the pleasure of blowing the funds.

The opening scenes and the closing ones, describing the inception of the revolt and its suppression, are very fast and very funny. They are played to perfection by David Moody, Kirk and Van Kirksey, Arnold Williams, and Ron Rich. The middle section, devoted to an appearance of the supposedly charismatic Big Time Buck White, round whose Black Power sermons BAD's social activities are built, is, alas, another matter altogether. The actor playing B.T.B.W. is impressive enough physically, and can do a fine job of Afro-American chanting, but when he tries to handle a question period involving some plants and some genuine members of the audience he turns out to have about as much charisma as an old air cushion. While the BAD committeemen are wrangling, buying votes, and selling out on each other, however, all is well, and but for that dead patch, one would be able to say that Joseph Tuotti, who is white, has written one of the liveliest and funniest comedies of recent years.

Jimmy Shine, "*excruciating regret*"

Dustin Hoffman playing The Graduate all over again in *Jimmy Shine*, surrounded for all too much of the time by Broadway's least attractive manifestation, a crowd of adult actors making like high-school kids, would be no end of a bore if it weren't for his being so very good at it. One watches him, all the same, with a certain excruciating regret. Since Audrey Hepburn's début in *Gigi*, long, long ago now, one has not seen quite so clearly or poignantly the spectacle of an enormously talented and personally charming young performer embracing, with enthusiasm and delight and a total absence of wisdom, a destructive formula for self-presentation calculated to turn its victim into a dead bore within a decade. The songs supplied by John Sebastian, the breakaway from The Lovin' Spoonful, are spotted through the show at intervals long enough to make one eager to have them as a relief from the mediocrity of the dialogue, but when they come, they are such as to make one happy to have it resumed. The sets are heavily brown and depressing in the dreary mode of the moment, and there is no glimmer of grace, taste, or beauty in the show.

The Goodbye People, "*corniest*"

The Goodbye People was Herb Gardner at his corniest and most whimsical, the greater part of the thing being given over to the delivery of monologues of intolerable sweetness delivered by Milton Berle as a lovable but crusty old Hungarian-Jewish Coney Island waterfront concessionaire. (It closed after five nights.)

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Music

BY DAVID AMRAM

Texas Southern University Chorus, "*best*"

"I like to feel that I'm controlling the situation when they sing. *Completely.*" This is how Mrs. Ruthabell Rollins, choral director of the Texas Southern University Chorus, described her approach towards vocal music. She was preparing the concert choir for a performance of "A Year in Our Land," the major work on a program of my music presented at Jones Hall in Houston last November 30.

The choir had sung throughout the United States with considerable critical acclaim but had never appeared in the enormous, red-velveted, acoustically perfect, marble-tiled, and magnificent Jones Hall. I was surprised: Jones Hall was the home of one of the finest symphony orchestras and grand opera companies in America. The T.S.U. chorus was not chosen for my concert because it was a black choir. It was chosen because it was the best choir. I listened to Mrs. Rollins patiently rehearse the choir, a remarkable group of young singers. She demanded every detail of the score. It didn't take long to realize that Mrs. Rollins was in control of the situation. Completely.

I first heard about Mrs. Rollins and the T.S.U. chorus a year ago from Maurice Peress, musical director of the Corpus Christi Symphony. He had worked with the choir several times. When he recently conducted a benefit performance of *Candide* at Philharmonic Hall in New York, I told him I wanted to have the choir perform in "A Year in Our Land" for my Houston concert.

"You thief," he said, "they're performing Mahler's Second with me. Get them. They're the best in the West. Mrs. Rollins is fantastic. They'll sing every note."

As rehearsals continued, I saw that Maurice was right. Still, Mrs. Rollins was never satisfied. On the day of the concert, we had our final run-through of "A Year in Our Land." The chorus had the music down cold, and the excellent orchestra, all members of the Houston Symphony, seemed to enjoy their singing as much as I did. During a long B major chord, sung perfectly in tune, a percussionist turned his chair around and leaned over the back of it, staring at the singers with appreciation. "It's coming along," said Mrs. Rollins. "If we had another month, we could do better."

"We don't even need to film the performance," said Tom Bywaters, who was taping the dress rehearsal, as well as the performance, for a later showing on National Educational Television. "The run-through seemed perfect."

"It ought to go better tonight," said Mrs. Rollins.

"You look wasted," said Maurice, who had come from Corpus Christi to hear the concert that night. I had conducted for four hours. Then George Barrow and I had rehearsed for two hours with our jazz quartet, which was performing for the second half of the concert. I was so tired I was afraid I might not be able to do my best. But when "A Year in Our Land" was performed and the chorus made its first entrance, it felt as if the top of Jones Hall would blow off. It was a rainy night, but the chorus filled the hall with sunshine. The cantata was supposed to be the high point of the program, and it was.

Backstage all of us took turns congratulating the chorus for their great performance. I found Mrs. Rollins and tried to tell her how grateful I was.

"Yes, it was fine," said Mrs. Rollins. "Still, if we had more time, we could have done better. I guess I am never satisfied."

On flights of fantasy, ONLY SILK IS SILK.

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ONLY SILK IS SILK

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

The Killing of Sister George, "*love is love*"

Well, as Mary McCarthy would say, hold on to your hats, girls. Here it is, a movie that's every bit as sensational as its advance publicity would indicate, and for once even merits the restriction to audiences "over sixteen"—and yet is a model of artistry and taste. In particular, the acting in *The Killing of Sister George* is marvellous and surprising, as indeed it would have to be to make its story of an intense Lesbian relationship anything more than the nervous joke we've seen in other films on the subject. I would never, for example, have thought that the pink and white Susannah York of *Tom Jones* could so completely become the complex, knobby-shouldered, overgrown baby doll that she is here. The real star remains Sister George: Beryl Reid, superb as the middle-aged, mediocre television actress who plays a nurse ("sister") in an English daytime serial and lives in dread of being killed off in the part. One of the funniest small touches in the film is poor Sister George's expression as she rehearses what she takes to be her death notice, a line or two complaining of a slight cold that's sure to turn into influenza.

It's not easy to play an actress playing an actress playing . . . , but Beryl Reid pulls it off brilliantly, giving us on the one hand the hideously cheerful village nurse, stout, comfortable, platitudinous, and on the other the desperate, raging, drunken Lesbian, and intersplicing from one to the other until it's impossible to tell—not which is which—but which is realer, since, of course, the killing of Sister George is also a symbolic death for the actress. For all the ranting her part requires, Beryl Reid is wonderfully subtle in her effects. Sometimes it's only a matter of her plump face's seeming trapped in its too-pretty stage make-up, or of her aging dimples' freezing in a jolly smile. (I've never before seen *dimples* used tragically.)

Or else, dressed in a tweed suit and wearing a wedding ring, Beryl Reid is able to suggest just by the manner of her sitting down not only the nature of Sister George's predilections but also the fact of her enormous solidity and tenderness—love is love, after all, no matter what the object. Which brings us, I suppose, to the movie's much advertised love scene, a scene that I might as well say at once is not only the most explicit I've ever seen, but also—and how can *this* be said without sounding odd?—the most truly sexual. It is simply a seduction, beautifully and delicately done, never mind between whom and whom, and owes much of its impact, I think, to Susannah York's utterly pure, utterly passive sensuality. As her seducer, Coral Browne is a bit too twitchy and sneering.

I haven't seen the play on which *The Killing of Sister George* is based, so I can't say how faithful all this is to the original. The movie does go on too long, and is occasionally overdone. But Robert Aldrich's direction is never static, only deep, so that even the smallest performances are excellent, down to and including an oafish script girl. Above all, what he creates in this movie is an entire *atmosphere* of women—it's like swimming underwater and seeing only fish—so that within that context nothing is bizarre or strange, not even a crowded Lesbian nightclub in which all the "men" have women's voices, not even the sight of the two heroines dressed like Laurel and Hardy, the fat one with a tiny moustache.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Travel

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

Florida, "*twenty million vacationers*"

There isn't an unemployed porpoise in all of Florida. It is a small town indeed that does not have some sort of water circus where these amiable creatures outdo Nureyev in leaping and grinning. Tireless, and unprotected by any piscine Actors Equity, they perform four times a day, seven days a week.

The porpoises are Attractions. This old-fashioned American word has come back to new life in Florida. Any area that has been fenced in and set up for diversion is an Attraction. Do you like orchids? They abound. Ancient automobiles? Indian villages? Ernest Hemingway's house? Water lilies? A Police Hall of Fame? Religious paintings? A wax museum? Reptiles, deer, a Museum of Speed? Whatever you want you may have. It sometimes seems as if Florida, from Jacksonville to the keys, has been rolled out as one big midway, studded with Attractions.

Sooner or later you find your own. One of my favourites was in the charming town of Naples on the west coast. It is called the Caribbean Gardens, and it contains among other pleasures a band of performing ducks. One of them plays a piano. It's not a Bechstein of course, it's a duck-sized piano; but he plays it, and it is real. This I found out—after the duck had taken his bows and waddled back to his dressing room—by furtively fingering the keyboard. Also it was in tune—this haunts me still. Who *keeps* it in tune?

At the moment the largest and most popular attraction is the Busch Gardens in Tampa. Here you ride in Sky Cars—like those monorails native to world's fairs—over an endless reservation where elephants and giraffes and lions, hippos and cheetahs and antelopes, not to mention herds of zebras roam free.

It won't be the largest for long, for over at Orlando Disney World is beginning to stir. At the moment only a dream in the minds of the bulldozers that are pushing the flatlands into hills and valleys and rivers and lakes, it promises to be, by only 1971, an outsize offspring of its parent in Anaheim, California.

But of course the greatest attractions of Florida charge no admission—the sea, the sand, the blue skies. Americans have discovered this: Last year twenty million of them—five million more than went to California, which is three times as large—crossed the border, thus making Florida by far the most popular vacation spot in the Western world.

These visitors of course have had their effect on the landscape. Florida only a few years ago was a collection of villages; it is no longer. Two great metropolitan areas have already been formed: Palm Beach-Miami and Tampa-St. Petersburg.

U.S. Highway 1 from West Palm Beach to Miami is now a continuous blare of neon trumpets, of new stores, motels, restaurants, churches, with hardly a vacant lot in its whole seventy miles. On the parallel beach road, A1A, the divisions of the towns are becoming blurred by the quick march of what has now become the most notable feature of the Florida terrain—the high-rise condominium apartment house.

These condominiums are staggering. Hardly a new idea—apartment houses in Augustan Rome were co-owned—they nevertheless exactly suit the American taste. Seven hundred and fifty were built last year alone. They are not for retirement by any means, they are winter homes for (Continued on page 102)


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active people—but easy winter homes. With a house there can always be the threat of vandals or hurricanes or locusts, but with a condominium you are safe—just turn the key and go. The prices range so far from fifteen to forty thousand dollars, and of course on up. The apartments are instantly resalable. Most buildings are completely sold from plans before they are finished. Actually, for a good many people, they are not primarily winter homes—they take the place of a house in the country and can be used eight or ten times a year. It doesn't take much longer to fly to Florida from New York than it does to drive to East Hampton on Long Island; it is less nerve-racking, God knows. And condominiums are everywhere, east coast, west coast: Even on Miami Beach itself they outnumber hotels in new building.

My word, Miami Beach. To a bumpkin from New York like me, the drive along Collins Avenue is a jaw-dropping experience. The great hotels stand, shoulder to shoulder, like the battlements of Àvila a hundred times multiplied—each of them capable of housing an army division. In the history of the world there has never been a resort to compare with it in sheer power and magnitude.

Fort Lauderdale is a gentler version of Miami, it has more open space, more greenery, you feel you can still cope with Lauderdale. It is building, building fast, however, everything from hotels to tract houses to the inevitable condominiums to the exceedingly expensive Bay Colony where tract houses can cost $300,000. But the great expectation in Lauderdale is the ship "Queen Elizabeth," which will serve as a convention hall—five thousand capacity—and a shopping centre. Several four-lane highways are presently being built that will lead solely to the "Queen's" pier, so great an attraction will she be. It is ironic that when the "Elizabeth" was performing her proper function, plowing the sea, she often sailed half empty, but now that she is tied up, invalided, people fight to touch her.

Lauderdale has the largest marina in the state—Bahia Mar. It is a pleasant place, with a shopping arcade, restaurants, motels, even a swimming pool. Aside from its private trade, it also contains one of the largest fleets of charter boats for fishing. Of course there are charter boats all over Florida, for fishing is one of the main concerns of the tourist. You will want to make your own arrangements, naturally, that is go to the pier, find a captain who suits you, and settle with him personally. On the east coast the prices for boats are generally stable—$75 for a half day, $125 for a full day. Boats on the west coast are apt to be cheaper—you can sometimes find a captain who will take you out for $45 a full day.

Bahia Mar is also one of the great centres for yacht rentals—either U-Drive-It or supplied with captain. These are beautiful new boats between thirty and forty feet and can be had from about $500 to $900 a week. They will sleep six to eight. Three of these rental agencies are: Merrill-Steven Charters, telephone (305) 522-0656; Bertram, telephone (305) 524-8405; Bahia Mar Yacht Rental, telephone (305) 525-8595. Bahia Mar Yacht Rental also has an office in New York at 25 Broadway, Suite 1153; telephone (212) 943-1665.

These boats are ready to go; all you need to bring aboard is food and liquor. They are also insured to the teeth.

It is not quite true to say that every foot of Florida coastline fronts upon a beautiful beach, but it is almost true. Two really spectacular beaches are in North Florida. One is Daytona, broad, white, hard packed, extending for miles. The other is the Fort Walton district on the Gulf—an endless stretch of sugary powder. But a good beach is near almost anywhere.

Shelling of course is one of the great avocations. On the west coast from Sanibel Island to Naples is said to be, next to the Great Barrier Reef off Australia, the best shelling grounds in the world. Pickings are particularly good after a storm, so this year they should be fine, because Hurricane Gladys passed that way in October.

Skin diving, as you can imagine, is not only a major sport but a major industry in Florida. There is not only salt-water diving, but a good deal of fresh-water as well—in the rivers, caves, and springs in the north and west of the state. The best general guide to all the skin-diving spots is put out by National Airlines, which will certainly be pleased to send you a copy.

Most people get to Florida by driving their own cars, but millions do not, so the car-rental industry is a very important one. You can rent almost any kind of car, at any price you want to pay, beginning at $23 a week plus mileage. The great national rental agencies Hertz and Avis are all over everywhere.

PLANE FACTS: Presents for New Yorkers flying to Florida are the new flights taking off from La Guardia airport especially in late afternoon and after business hours in addition to those leaving from Kennedy and Newark airports. . . . During winter holiday weekends, airlines increase flights. . . . Travellers taking off at nine in the evening or later save about 30 per cent on a round-trip fare in first class, about 21 per cent in economy class. . . . Round-trip fare, New York to Miami, flying in first class: $197.40 including tax; same thing at nine in the evening or after: $134.40; in economy class, $149.10; night fare, $117.60.

NATIONAL AIRLINES' beat is Florida—its home port, Miami. Its fleet flies nonstop from East Coast cities—Boston, Providence, New York, Washington—as well as from the West Coast—Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, Las Vegas, and Houston. For New Yorkers going to Palm Beach—many are weekend commuters—the favourite flight is #93 which takes off from La Guardia at 6:55 in the evening and rolls down the runway at 9:20 in front of the elegant and new West Palm Beach terminal. Extra flights to and from Florida were added in December and more will begin February 1.

EASTERN AIRLINES has over forty-one thousand seats a week on jets leaving from New York's three airports for Tampa, West Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale, and Orlando. (This figure does not include the seats on planes taking off from Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago heading for Miami.) New services: Passengers travelling in economy class choose seats and may order both drinks and main course—lobster or steak—at boarding gates. In first class, drinks are passed as jets taxi along the runway. The young especially like the milk shakes and the enormous hot sandwiches on morning and afternoon flights.

NORTHEAST AIRLINES links New England and Florida. Its network spans the Atlantic Coast. Fleets of Yellowbirds fly nonstop to Florida from: Montreal, Canada, as well as from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. Bradley International Airport, for New Englanders, is a relatively new take-off centre midway between Springfield and Hartford. New this season from New England to Florida, extra through-plane flights—passengers do not change planes even when planes make stops.

RAIL FACTS: Seaboard Coast Line trains leaving from New York end up in Miami or the west coast the following day. Comforts on the Florida Special: new cars, good food, and movies.



Stylist Margaret Schroeder [illegible] fabrics to go with color chips for the 1969 General Motors cars.

Who listens when GM's Margaret Schroeder says women want more in car interiors than just pretty colors?

Fisher Body does.

That's why they perform 40 weeding-out tests on every fabric that ultimately ends up in over 3 million GM cars!

Of course, it doesn't take a design expert like Margaret to pick out blue fabrics that go with blue cars. Anyone could do that. But it does take her kind of training to understand the engineering-related items also. For instance, seat construction, ease of entry and exit, human dimensions and many more things. She handles her work like the professional stylist she is. But beyond that, just because she's a woman, she makes sure car seats are upholstered smoothly to avoid possible snags. And that the interior will look good to a fussy mother-in-law even after hauling the kids all over town! Margaret's skillful woman's touches are important reasons why so much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes GM cars a better buy. Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.



Body by Fisher

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Women's beach fashions courtesy of Burdine's and Jordan Marsh; men's beachwear, Maus & Hoffman.

What they're wearing on Fort Lauderdale beach this season and advice to watchers

Ever since girls discovered where the boys are they have been gracing our beach in the most beguiling of attire. Now, even the boys are sprucing up to do the watching.

To cater to this popular rite, Lauderdale merchants feature vast selections of flattering things to be seen in on the beach, or elsewhere in the sun. Their sparkling displays line our business avenues like the palms.

One of the most engrossing of these boulevard displays is seen along Las Olas. Its splendid shops delight with exclusive collections for both the watched and watchers.

Equally rewarding is a stroll through the handsome plazas on Sunrise Boulevard. Highlights here are name establishments known for fashion across America.

Coral Ridge Shopping Plaza boasts a covered mall fronting smart boutiques and large emporiums. Or, shop downtown where each specialty house and department store brims with additional buy-it-now and wear-it-next-summer ideas.

So plan to travel light. Then update your wardrobe here where shopping is an exhilarating part of everyone's vacation—watched or watcher.

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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Three newsmakers:

Michael York, knit jersey suits, and Tunisia. Tunisia, the red-hot new place for late winter vacations, Michael York, the white-hot star of *Justine,* and the cool knit jersey suits by ***Carlo Palazzi,*** perfect gear for discovering Tunis, any place else. The tunic top jackets and matching trousers by Palazzi are in Monsanto's Acrilan acrylic jersey. Soft and comfortable as pyjamas, they come out of a ten-hour flight unfazed, unwrinkled; the suits roll for compact packing, with no need to stop for pressing on arrival. Michael York, testing them in Tunis while filming *Justine,* liked the white jersey sport suit, right, side-buttoned with Palazzi's signature anchor links in steel, the same links band the white patent loafers, and form a chain belt. Below centre, a quick buff on chestnut patent loafers worn with black-brown jersey V necked tunic suit. The ascot shirt: crisp cotton striped in lime, white and henna. Below, forest green jersey outfit, buttoned and belted in steel links. The outfits are all to order at: Carlo Palazzi, 7 via Borgognona, Rome.



PATRICK LICHFIELD

Tips on:

Patent shoes: an upkeep problem for men. Vaseline is classic, but slow and messy. Artist ***Ron Ferri*** finds a cologne-soaked handkerchief does a quick job of removing dust and smears. Good, too: London Character's shoe cream, about $1 at shoe shops. ***Smallest single lens*** reflex camera ever for use with 126 film cartridge. The little (four inches across) lightweight (twenty ounces complete) camera is by Rollei/Honeywell, $230. Lenses: standard, 40 mm., also wide-angle and telephoto are optional extras.





The Cigar Star:



Zino Davidoff, who supplies cigars from his Geneva shop to ***Aristotle Onassis, Baron Elie de Rothschild*** and ***John Wayne,*** now supplies readers with a complete and beautiful treatise on every aspect of cigars: the perfect method of storing, relative merits of various types, the "ritual" of smoking, vintage years (1959, 1964), and the eccentricities and tastes of an *Almanach de Gotha* of great cigar connoisseurs. An English translation is in the works, meanwhile, *Le Livre du Connaisseur de Cigare* in a beautifully illustrated French edition by Robert Laffont, Paris, can be ordered through the French Book Guild, 36 W. 61 St., N.Y.C., 10023.



For the woman who's arrived

(in Florida).

NOW THERE ARE 4 "RED DOOR" SALONS IN THE SUNSHINE STATE: FT. LAUDERDALE (NEW! FASHION, COSMETICS) CORAL GABLES (NEW! FASHION, COSMETICS) PALM BEACH (ALL SALON SERVICES) SURFSIDE (ALL SALON SERVICES)

Elizabeth Arden

JANUARY 15, 1969

VOGUE's eye view: *The girl in the driver's seat*



Wind in her hair, spark in her eye, steel in her spine—you know the type: living's her thing. Were her motor bike to conk out this minute—*que diable!*—she has the spirit, the stamina, and two good strong legs to get her where she's going. Petrol doesn't power her, her own vitality does. Zings up the rest of the population, too: in her cap, scarf, and long, low-belted T-shirt, she's the girl everyone wants to look at and look like—the girl of today, healthy, dashing, well put-together. In the driver's seat—you know it! . . . The extended T-shirt is the newest Chemise Lacoste from David Crystal; it's navy-and-white striped Dacron knit—one of the great U.S. fabrics that this issue of Vogue is all about. About $30. At Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Calderon chain-belt. Vera silk scarf.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



60 great ways to look East, West, North, and South in great American fabrics

All the looks we love right now are all here in U. S. fabrics—they're the whole fabric of this issue: the warp and woof, the knit and purl, the very stuff each page is made of. . . . Marvellous little shirts and shirtdresses for day and evening . . . patch-pocket jumpers, patch-pocket weskits, big-patch pockets on big-curve coats . . . white-belted rain-shine coats snappy as grenadiers . . . the direct white belt—narrow tape of leather, knotted sash, good straight width—doing its thing for belted coats, belted dresses, belted suits, belted shirt-jackets over pants . . . white with black, white with scarlet, white with brown, with bright navy . . . pure white so clean it clears the air . . . the bracing look of suspender dresses with jackets that suit them fine. . . . Our love goes bolting out to exciting looks at each new turn of the page—all with the terrific spin U. S. fabrics give them every time. **THE SHIRTDRESS,** above, open to the waist, closed to the ribbon-tied wrists—shining look we love in creamy satin scarcely longer than a shirt. Dinner dress by Jon Haggins, in Avisco rayon and Celanese acetate (Chardon-Marché fabric). About $110. At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Joske's Houston. Yards of golden chains by Cadoro, MM. Vision pantie hose. Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces. **THE BELTED TUNIC AND PANTS,** right, completely covered with giant flowers from golden gardens of the sun—from throatband, to wrist, to the hem of the straight-legged pants. By Marie McCarthy and Larry Aldrich, in printed satin of Qiana by Julian Tomchin for Chardon-Marché. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Mimi di N earrings. Belts: Mimi di N, Calderon. Rings: Flemming, Jack Gilbert, K.J.L., Marvella. Mademoiselle sandals. Cleopatra hairpieces. And quite an immaterial look we adore—less than a square inch of Beige Chiffon lipstick by Michel. Coiffures, on these twenty pages, by Hugh Harrison.

BERT STERN

LOOKS WE LOVE RIGHT NOW IN U.S. FABRICS



Now: Brown and white in U.S. fabrics

PATCH-POCKET JUMPER, far left, ready to jump the gun on one terrific look for spring—belted white twill gilt-buttoned over a brown crêpe shirt. By Seymour Fox (belt added). Jumper of Anglo wool loomed in America; shirt, Avisco rayon and acetate (Onondaga fabric). Bonwit Teller; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. Bergère earrings. Gautier buckle. Trifari rings. Bonnie Doon socks.

WIDE SHORT COAT, left, doing things up brown for a wonderfully pulled together look—swinging a foulard from one pocket, it flares out around a chained brown-and-white striped turtleneck pull and straight white pants. David Kidd for Marquise; coat and pants in Anglo wool, loomed in America; pull in Jasco wool jersey. Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Napier chain. Gautier belt buckle: Henri Bendel. Far Eastern scarf. Cleopatra hairpieces.

FLAP-POCKET WESKIT, right, zippy as can be and taking brown's new vested interest in white—crêpe shirt, wool knife pleats, and this spring's direct white leather belt. By Seymour Fox; weskit and skirt of Anglo wool loomed in America; shirt of Avisco rayon and acetate crêpe (Onondaga fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Gus Mayer. Monet earrings. Napier chains. Calderon belt: Saks Fifth Avenue. Rings by Marvella, Pakula.

BERT STERN

Now: The jumperdress and patch-pocket plaid in U.S. fabrics



A BRACE OF BLUES, left: a fresh little cadet-blue jumper braced over a sleeveless navy top—it's really a one-piece dress and it comes with a jump-matching jacket. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Trevira and wool (French River Mills fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's. Riviera sunglasses. Napier earrings. Obrey watch. Sandor Goldberger rings. Bonnie Doon socks. Capezio shoes.

THE PATCH-POCKET COAT, right, in pale mint-and-bone plaid with lots of good things going for it—the well-rounded seams, the high belt, the low, large, rounded patch pockets. By Jay-Henry, of Brendan wool, loomed in America. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Emily Wetherby scarf: Bonwit Teller. Ring on scarf by Napier. Bonnie Doon socks: Altman's. The hairpieces by Cleopatra.

BERT STERN



Now:
Scarlet in
U.S. fabrics





THE CURVECOAT, left, in scarlet worsted with a Napoleonic collar—all curves, all to one side: one large curved rever, one large curved pocket, curved tabs, curved hem. Dan Millstein, of wool, loomed in America (Rochambeau fabric). About $145. At Best & Co.; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Higbee's. Monet earrings. Glentex cuffs. Archer-Nuweave knee socks.

THE WHITE-TAPED JACKET, right: the direct impact of white leather tape threaded through little brass grommets on scarlet wool; a matching welt-seamed dress underneath. By Originala, of wool, loomed in America (Anglo fabric). At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Latinas shoulderbag. Hanes tights. Both pages: Emily Wetherby scarfs; Cleopatra hairpieces.

BERT STERN





Now: The belted curvecoat, side-closed shirtdress in U.S. fabrics

CURVECOAT, left, going strong in beige wool with curved collar, curved flap-pockets, and the snap-crack of white—buttons, belt, turtleneck, white socks and shoes. Originala coat; Anglo wool, loomed in America. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Swanson's. Calderon belt. Adler socks.

NAVY CRÊPE SHIRTDRESS, this page, with gleam on the side—brass buttons, button-and-tab waistband—and a snug little throatband rimmed in white like a cleric's collar. By Helga, of Avisco rayon and acetate (Onondaga crêpe). About $160. At Sara Fredericks; Stanley Korshak; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Walter Katten shoulderbag. Scarf by Gerald Laing for On First. Coro rings. Actionwear tights of Monsanto Blue C nylon, by Christian Dior. Herbert Levine shoes. Both pages: Mimi di N earrings; Cleopatra hairpieces.

BERT STERN

Now: The rain-shine coat with a splash of white in U.S. fabrics



BLACK, far left, sharpened with white buttons and leather belt, a shoot of white shirt cuffs—the little cotton-look coat everybody wants this spring whether it rains or not. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Neusteters; Bullock's-Wilshire. Robert Originals earrings: Bonwit Teller. Scarf: Emily Wetherby. **SCARLET,** second from left: the shaped coat in a good springy colour, zinged with white. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Mimi di N earrings. Scarf, Rudi Gernreich for Glentex. **BRIGHT NAVY,** left, bright white belt and the most white buttons—front, sleeves, and big patch pockets. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Gidding-Jenny; J. W. Robinson. Mimi di N earrings. Far Eastern scarf. Grandoe gloves: Altman's. All three belts, left, by Calderon, at Bonwit Teller. **GRASS GREEN,** right: double-breasted, the white belt anchored by button-down tabs. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Mimi di N carrings. Both pages: Coats by Aquanala, of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). Each, with its own belt, about $70. Boots by Latinas. Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces.

BERT STERN

Now: White shirt-jackets belted over pants, in U.S. fabrics



JUST KNOTTED, left: the shirt-jacket done with safari slouch—white wool over a navy tunic and pants. Turnout by Don Simonelli for Modelia. Jacket of Rochambeau gabardine; tunic and pants of Pacific Mills wool crêpe. About $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Wm. Hengerer; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom Best. Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. Napier earrings. Balenciaga scarf, Capri belt. Accessocraft pendant. Charles Jourdan boots. Cleopatra hairpieces.

BANDED AND BELTED, right: immaculate shirt-jacket with wide waistband and wide belt confirming the faultless white line, making a little jut of flare over knife-sharp pants. Turnout by Chester Weinberg, in Trevira and wool (French River Mills fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Sakowitz. Earrings by Capri. Necklace by Vendôme. The rings by K. J. L., Pakula.

BERT STERN





Now:
White-belted
knits in
U.S. fabrics

BLACK CULOTTE DRESS, left: plenty of zip, plenty of kick—going over a ribby white turtleneck pull as simply as a short jumper. About $100. Bergdorf Goodman; Higbee's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Tropic-Cal sunglasses. Clutch of rings by Sandor Goldberger. Dynasty watch. Archer-Nuweave knee socks. Viner Brothers shoes, at Best & Co.

NAVY-BLUE JUMPER, above: two big patch pockets and lots of white—ribbed turtleneck pull, buttons, direct white leather belt. About $100. Bergdorf Goodman; Frost Bros.; Amelia Gray. Earrings by Robert Originals. Latinas handbag. The Dynel braid by Reid-Meredith.

NAVY-BLUE SHIRT-TUNIC, right: white shirt collar and shirt cuffs, white buttons and white belt—a tunic stepping right into spring with perfect straight-legged pants. About $110. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. Sunglasses by Renauld. Mimi di N earrings. American Authentics pendant (at waist). Charles Jourdan boots. Turnouts, both pages, by Kimberly; all of wool, knitted in America. All belts by Calderon: Bonwit Teller.

BERT STERN

Now:
White with navy,
with cloud-grey–
in U.S. fabrics





NAVY-AND-WHITE KNIT, left—belted, curved: marvellous little dress-and-jacket turnout to go anywhere. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman; a woolmark turnout of double-knitted wool by Lebanon. About $190. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's: Joseph Horne; Joseph Magnin. Belt (added) by Calderon. Rings by Cadoro, Marvella, Accessocraft. Bonnie Doon tights: Bergdorf Goodman. Herbert Levine strapped white shoes, at Bonwit Teller. Cleopatra hairpieces. **CLOUDY, CHANGING TO FINE,** right: grey-and-white cloud print on a smashing double-breasted raincoat with an easy swing....When the clouds roll by, it swings just as easily into the sunlight. By Aquanala, in Trevira and cotton fabric by Brendan. About $110. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's-Wilshire. Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings: Robert Originals. Rings: Sandor Goldberger. Watch by Endura. Knee socks by Berkshire. Shoes by Hermès.

BERT STERN

Now: The
black-and-white
print shirtdress–
in U.S. fabrics



SHORT WRAPPED SHIRTDRESS, left—black-and-white silk print with white revers; sashed in the same flowered silk. Delicious look...the softest dress, the crispest, clearest print. By Oscar de La Renta, in silk crêpe by Julian Tomchin for Chardon-Marché. About $250. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro. Richelieu earrings. Rings by Sandor Goldberger. Rope bracelet and belt by Larry Reiter for the Andrew Geller Boutique. Pantie stockings by Vision. Herbert Levine sandals. Dynel hairpieces by Reid-Meredith.

LONG SPOTTED SHIRTDRESS OVER PANTS, right—in a giant jungle print of black and white, the full panelled skirt slashed high to show straight pants underneath. By Donald Brooks, in printed surah of Qiana—the new nylon fibre that can be washed, can't be crushed—by Onondaga. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Joseph Magnin. Stanley Hagler earrings and belt. Richelieu ring. Hairpieces by Cleopatra.

BERT STERN



Now: White swings for evening in U.S. fabrics

THE JUMPER STRIKES GOLD, far left: white crêpe plunged over a scrumptious shirt of crunchy embroidered golden brocade with full-blown sleeves. By Malcolm Starr. Of rayon and Celanese acetate (William Rose fabric). About $250. At Altman's; Rich's; Swanson's. Diamanté belt by Mimi di N. Schiaparelli tights. White satin shoes, here and left by Carel.

THE TWO-COLOUR DRESS, left, split down the middle—half is white, half is black, and everything swings. Adele Simpson. Of Arnel and nylon (Blue Ridge-Winkler fabric). About $185. Altman's; Rich's; Frost Bros. Belts: C. J. P. for Interesting; Bill Smith of Richelieu. Hanes tights.

UP WITH THE SHIRTDRESS, right, and on with the fashion of the year—this one, in white crêpe, buttons up to a Mandarin collar and whips out from double pleats at each side, all held fast by jewelled belts. Wilson Folmar. Of Arnel, rayon, and silk (American Silk Mills fabric). About $125. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Nordstrom Best. K. J. L. earrings. Belts: Christian Dior for Abbe Creations. Schiaparelli tights. Charles Jourdan shoes. Coiffures: Kyle of Coiffures Americana.

ALEXIS WALDECK

Now:

Bared and covered evenings in U.S. fabrics

CUTAWAY MIDRIFF, far left, on a halter-top dress of palest blue crêpe with edges of silvery embroidery flickering against bare skin. By Malcolm Starr. Of rayon and Celanese acetate (William Rose fabric). About $200. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Circle-of-rhinestone earrings by Trifari. White satin strappy sandals, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure: Kyle of Coiffures Americana.

WHITE SHIRT-TUNIC AND PANTS, left: the pants are straight, the tunic zipped and wide-hemmed; then you pull it all together with wonderful jewelled belts—put them up high—couldn't be more delicious. By Stan Herman for Mr. Mort. Of Fortrel double knit. Tunic, about $66. Pants, about $36. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings by Maison de Fou. Belts by Corina and Myra Harding. Sandals by Golo. François of Kenneth coiffures, here and at right.

ONE ARM COVERED, ONE ARM BARED, right: toga-pyjamas of pure white crêpe with an asymmetric panel floating down the back. Teal Traina, of Celanese acetate and rayon (Hargro fabric). At Altman's; Burdine's; Gidding-Jenny; Nordstrom Best. Stanley Hagler earrings. Jules Van Rouge ring. Bernardo sandals.

ALEXIS WALDECK

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The brabble and the joys of the Nixon Administration just taking over after the two-month sleep of the Johnson Administration which gracefully slipped out like a dolphin through the waves. . . . The one-jab jokes by Neil Simon, the intricately simple orchestrations by Jonathan Tunick of Burt Bacharach's Now songs in *Promises, Promises,* which has the lustre of Jill O'Hara, the hysteria of A. Larry Haines, and the ambushing comedy of Jerry Orbach who sings a little, dances a little, and is totally potent as a failure. . . . The snarl of students at some colleges around the country, the square absurdity of non-listening white and Black power-grabbers preventing lecturers from speaking in the name of revolutionary education, a unique state in which the minority rules and the majority shuts up or learns instantly what clout means.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Diaries: 1915-1918* by Lady Cynthia Asquith, the third child of the eleventh Earl of Wemyss, a great English dazzler with red hair and enormous eyes, a constant sitter to English painters, and an incessant writer of diaries in which she put down the minutiae of life during World War I, especially when her husband, the second son of Prime Minister Herbert H. Asquith, was at the Front in France and she worked part of the time as a nurse in a military hospital—with death all around, two young brothers and some of her friends just dead, she is careful to tell with whom she had tea and where, the time the train left when she went to her father's house, but, mixed in with that trash, which could have been edited out, Lady Cynthia shows perception, irony, and an uncertain hope, particularly when she writes: "The last dregs of the voluntary system are rather sickening. What a farce it is—'Come along *willingly!* or we'll fetch you!'!"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Gabor Szabo, who plays almost every modern sound on his guitar, keeping to a lyrical discipline on his new Skye album, *Dreams,* which somehow suits his looks: wry, melancholic, reserved, like a wicked hero in a Restoration play. . . . The muscular, stubborn paintings by the late Hans Hofmann at the André Emmerich Gallery in New York. . . . Black capitalism. . . . The movie of Chekhov's *The Sea Gull,* its glorious Tony Walton production design and costumes—an anthology of scenes reminiscent of sunlight paintings by Monet, Pissarro, and Renoir, its indoor scenes like Bonnard and Vuillard—and Vanessa Redgrave, tall and pale like Whistler's "The White Girl." . . . The replay of an old Hungarian club rule: "No man may bring his mistress unless she is the wife of another member."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The fascinations of the book *Life on a Little-Known Planet* by Howard Ensign Evans who has written with scholarly amusement, knowledge, and refreshing style about insects, with one chapter given over to cockroaches, a curiously marvellous animal, useful in cancer research, and one that is among the brighter insects, a fact demonstrated in 1912 by "C. H. Turner, of Sumner Teachers College in St. Louis, a man whose ingenious studies of animal behaviour, often conducted with homemade equipment, earned him a reputation as one of the leading Negro biologists of his time. Turner, for example, tried 'teaching machines' on cockroaches long before they came to be used for humans . . . the males, he found, seemed to learn more rapidly than the females."

DR. A. MICHAEL WOOD With the eyes of a zealot. a devouring love for life. and blistering energies, Doctor Wood, who is almost always in the news in one way or another, is the medical director of the African Medical and Research Foundation, Inc., founded in 1957, which brings medical help to twenty-seven million people in East Africa. With eight full-time and about thirty part-time volunteer doctors, Doctor Wood covers an area about the size of Western Europe, visits 75,000 patients a year. Since he came to East Africa from England and the Middlesex Hospital twenty-one years ago, he has mended the present and changed the future for millions of Africans. Piloting himself over the staggering distances of his territory—which he has made accessible by building thirty new airstrips—often flying alone, in an aeroplane completely equipped for most emergencies and major operations, he is constantly in touch with seventy-five hospitals in Uganda, Kenya, and Tanzania. In 1960 Doctor Wood—who performs at least sixty operations a month, is often his own anaesthetist—established a wireless communications system between these hospitals through which doctors can deal with twelve hundred radio consultations a month and even conduct operations by radio. Married to Susan Wood, a writer and daughter of a missionary, he is the father of four children, carries a Tanzanian passport, and lives on his farm on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro, flying around the world reporting, lecturing, recruiting. "In these countries," he said, "everyone is ill with endemic diseases." One dollar a year is allotted by the various governments for each person for health purposes. It makes for colossal odds, and the Foundation, supported by private contributions from the United States, England, and Canada, works primarily towards a better future. Doctor Wood hopes that the next generation will be 50 per cent healthier. For many people in East Africa he is the only hope of life.









PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

1. Candy in *Candy*, the new movie about the repetitive adventures of a pretty Popsicle, played by Ewa Aulin, soft and sweet as a soda who is the temporary love of such major attractions as Walter Matthau, Richard Burton (*above*, with Miss Aulin), Marlon Brando, and Ringo Starr.

2. The sumptuous painting "Madonna and Child with Saint Lawrence and Saint Julian," by Gentile da Fabriano, new to the Frick Collection in New York. Gentile, an early Renaissance master who died in 1427, may have painted this masterpiece for a ruling prince's small, private chapel. Unknown to the world of art until ten years ago when it showed up in Florence, the painting belonged sometime in the nineteenth century to the Dukes of Broglie.

3. Dick Williams who, in *Big Time Buck White*, Off-Broadway in New York, is Big Time Buck White, a Black Power leader of ferocious cool, tall and beautiful as a totem pole, and in command. Coming with the rest of the amusing, outrageous cast from Watts in California, Dick Williams, both as director of the play by Joseph Dolan Tuotti and as moderator of the crucial section that depends for its excitement on spontaneous questions from the audience, sets up a calculated double take: He melts resistance down with strobe-speed farce and then steps in with what "Black *is*."

4. Trevor Nunn, the extraordinary head of England's Royal Shakespeare Company. He has a mandarin moustache, elegant hands, an air of delicacy, and a will of aluminum. At twenty-eight he commands the Company which is part Boy Scout troop, part intellectual powerhouse, and part actor's workshop. He has had, according to Hunter Davies, a "working-class, Beatle-age, skiffle-group, Teddy Boy, chip-on-the-shoulder, football-mad, happening sort of background. . . ." His production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which he directed, is scheduled for this winter in New York—and in it he wants to make contact with audiences, not through black comedy but through joy, energy, and affirmation.

5. Herbie Hancock, slim, attractive, a composer of incisive lyricism and a pianist with firefly fingers, who leads his new jazz sextet at college concerts, on records, at New York's Village Vanguard. "I'm unlabelled . . . I write television commercials for cologne, I wrote the sound track for the movie *Blow-Up*, tunes Tony Bennett might sing." One Hancock hit. "Watermelon Man." has more than a hundred recorded versions; his sixth album, *Speak Like a Child*, is the "kind of sound I like for my own group." Once a crack sideman for Miles Davis, Herbie Hancock, now twenty-eight, performed the Mozart *Concerto in D Major* at eleven with the Chicago Symphony, majored in composition at Grinnell College. Between tours, he lives in a vast Riverside Drive apartment with his pretty German wife, Gigi. "I drive my A.C. Cobra at a hundred and thirty, I like curries, and I've studied karate long enough to get killed, but," said Herbie Hancock, "my life is all music."

6. Two studies of the Ernest Trova 1968 hinged falling-man series in bronze, polished to the brilliance of silver, in the decisive, rugged exhibition now at the Pace Gallery in New York.

7. Frederick Rolfe. known as Baron Corvo. author of the semi-autobiographical romance *Hadrian the Seventh*, published in 1904, and now a resoundingly successful play, adapted by Peter Luke, with Alec McCowen as the first English Pope. Rolfe, who dangled in and out of extreme poverty most of his adult life, had a short stretch in the workhouse. There he attacked in scarifying articles one of his few benefactors, from whom he demanded about $5,000 for a series of religious banners he had painted for the shrine of St. Winifrede in North Wales. He didn't get it. In an almost psychotic state he went to live in Venice and, in misery, unwanted, died there in 1913. The movie rights to *Hadrian the Seventh* were just bought by Columbia Pictures for $500.000.

8. Liv Ullmann, intense, delicate, tough, in Ingmar Bergman's *Shame*, a bleak, bony film about the corruption of people by war: this use-blunted theme whetted by Bergman's remarkable cast—especially Liv Ullmann. Flashing love, irritability, resignation, and dumb courage, she makes unsexy sex—the whole woman—her weapon and her art.

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what HYPNOSIS

"I really don't know what I had expected to see in a hypnotist's office, even though he was a psychiatrist. The Svengali-Rasputin type had been in my thoughts." . . . And nothing—as the ravishing young woman who made this statement discovered—could be farther from reality. Like many other people with problems ranging from such bad habits as smoking and overeating to airplane phobia, anxiety, depression, chronic pain, and an extensive list of other symptoms, she experienced the revelation of some astonishing and enormously comforting facts about hypnosis as it is now being used in the practice of modern medicine.

Things have changed since 1778 when Friedrich Anton Mesmer (as in *mesmerism*) launched his animal magnetism theory that was the basis of hypnotism; the magical-mystery element is Out. Still further advances have been made since the early 1900's when Pierre Janet made really remarkable strides in exploring the origins of hysteria through the use of hypnosis. . . . The word itself is a colossal misconception based on its derivation from the Greek *hýpnos* (sleep). Hypnosis is the direct *opposite* of sleep. We now know that hypnosis is, in fact, a time of heightened awareness and intense focal concentration. It is more accurate to say, "I was entranced," than it is to say, "I was hypnotized." But no one does. In fact, the semantics of the whole subject reach their wildest irrelevance in the universal use of the phrase "wake up" to bring a patient out of the trance-state and tell him to return to the state of lowered awareness or "half-sleep in which we pursue most of our lives."

The case history of the young wife and mother who lost her illusions about Svengali and Rasputin is typical of the proper medical use of hypnosis today. She tells it like this:

"I suffered constantly from insomnia and frequently took sleeping pills. When I found that the one or two pills I was accustomed to taking no longer were effective, I was frightened. A friend told me of an M.D. who was also a psychiatrist and specialized in hypnosis. . . . On my first visit he questioned me closely about why I was there and what I expected to achieve; he asked a number of questions about my physical and emotional health. . . . Then he assured me that while in hypnosis, I would be completely aware of what was happening, I would be an active participant in the therapy. . . . This was at first disappointing; I wanted to be asleep, unaware, and have all the work done by my doctor and my subconscious.

"The doctor tipped the Barcalounger where I was sitting to the reclining angle, saying, 'Prepare for something pleasant.' He stood behind me and directed me to open my eyes very wide and stare straight up, focusing on the finger he held just above my eyebrow-level. . . . 'Try not to blink; keep your eyes open as hard as you can even if they cross, so that when the time comes to close them, you'll want to very much.' I did. The doctor then began talking in an even tone, explaining that all my tensions were leaving my body, the head, the muscles of my neck, et cetera, et cetera. Though my eyes were closed, I was to try to look down as if I could see my chest rising and falling as I took deep, relaxing breaths. Then he explained that he would count down very slowly from 10 to 1 . . . '10 . . . 9 . . . deeper . . . 7 . . . 6 . . . deeper, deeper . . . 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1. You will find yourself going into a day-dreaming state. Imagine yourself coming home tired and finding no one to bother you; you stretch out and imagine yourself going deeper and deeper into this wonderful state, not of sleep, but of total relaxation.'

"It was wonderful. I could scarcely believe it was working so well for *me*.

"The doctor went on: 'Now if you want to go deeper into this state, indicate this to me by raising your right arm to the ceiling.' . . . I did. . . . 'As I stroke your arm, you can feel it becoming rigid; you will feel the joint of the elbow rigid; your fingers are becoming rigid. Now, you see, I can't even bend your arm. . . . I will stroke it the other way to relax it. It's getting limper. I can bend it. Now you're very relaxed. Your arm will fall back into your lap. When it does, let it go like a wet rag.'

"The doctor talked to me then about my insomnia (I'll explain that later). Finally, he said, 'Now I will count slowly to 5 and you will open your eyes and you will feel alert, comfortably relaxed, perfectly normal in every respect. 1-2-3-4-5. Now open your eyes.' I opened them, feeling somehow terribly pleased with myself and gloriously refreshed; I'd never had so much cool in my life."

****

"In the course of several visits, he taught me a self-hypnosis relaxation exercise to practise twice a day. I would close my eyes and visualize myself in a most relaxing scene. I imagined the doctor suggesting to me that every part of my body was entering a relaxed, day-dreaming mood. I visualized myself coping triumphantly with situations that had previously defeated me.

"I would then count down slowly from 10 to 1 in rhythm with deep breathing. At the count of 1, I would take a slow deliberate breath, let it out slowly, and allow myself to enter the same refreshing state I experienced in the doctor's office. Instead of *telling* myself to be calm, I imagined myself as being calm. I developed a new self-image with which I felt secure and confident.

"It was only after three or four sessions with the doctor, under hypnosis, that we uncovered the fact that my insomnia was due to a tendency toward depression. . . . For the past months I had been suffering from a sort of anxiety about approaching thirty; I was afraid I was losing my looks. In addition to not sleeping I had developed more frequent migraine headaches. . . . At first the self-hypnosis exercises were difficult; I couldn't concentrate. However, with the help of the doctor and my own strong desire to do something about my problems, I fell into the necessary discipline. . . . It's a little like taking stock of the kinks in your personality, doing something about them, and then bashing on. . . . Life becomes more colourful when you think of yourself as being attractive, or, at any rate, having a healthier self-image."

can do for you

QUICK MEDICAL AIDS TO ARREST BAD HABITS AND PERSISTENT PROBLEMS

by Rosemary Blackmon

The psychiatrist-hypnotist in this instance was Dr. Abraham Weinberg, Medical Director of the Morton Prince Clinic for Hypnotherapy and a staff member of New York's Post Graduate Center for Mental Health. He explained—in response to our fascinated questions—that his approach to cases of this sort is entirely goal-directed; that, in fact, all modern hypnosis is goal-directed. He believes that anyone who can follow directions is capable of being hypnotized to some degree and can respond "in some demonstrable way to hypnotic suggestion especially in the treatment of the focal and target symptoms of smoking, obesity, insomnia, impotency, pain control, and in many phobias through the use of present behavioural concepts and teaching. It can be a useful adjunct in psychoanalysis."

The presenting symptom in the case described here was insomnia; however, under hypnosis the underlying depression and anxiety were uncovered and dealt with successfully.

"Any sort of depression," explained Dr. Weinberg, "takes its toll of well-being—even, in some cases, of sexual satisfaction. Some people seek to change this by an excess of sexual activity, but for them there is no satisfaction because the mesh of emotions is missing. When the cause of depression is relieved, feelings of love and security begin to flow again; the change in the subject's sex life is a change in the quality of the relationship."

Dr. Herbert Spiegel, Assistant Professor of Psychiatry at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, maintains that any successful psychotherapy releases a sense of well-being as it raises the patient's level of self-esteem. "The effect of hypnosis can be like a series of ripples—first you get the feeling of establishing a new mastery of yourself; then you get the spillover from whatever the starting point is to other aspects of your life."

We asked Dr. Spiegel whether these changes were ever visible, whether they actually showed in the way a woman looks, and his answer was an unhesitating yes. A woman operating at a low level of self-esteem hides behind her appearance—"She may not be sloppy; she may be overmeticulous, unsubtle, overperfumed. A woman who is comfortable about herself and sure of her femininity is subtle about her appearance; the too studied, too constantly perfect look is a way of hiding. It shows the woman is on the defensive and doesn't dare to be seen without her 'costume.'" We got the feeling that he has a good eye for this sort of thing when he pinpointed the whole thing by adding, "The change in a woman's looks often starts with what she does with her hair." Which may be the final vindication of Henry Higgins's theory that before they do something with their hair, women ought to "clean up the mess that's inside."

Medically, the major uses of hypnosis are, first, to contain a symptom or problem (for example, pain or anxiety) and, second, to use the power of concentration to explain what is behind that symptom.

Hypnosis, in Dr. Spiegel's definition, is "a form of aroused concentration to apply to problem solving; both sleep and hypnosis involve the withdrawal of peripheral awareness, but in hypnosis you have a focused awareness which you do not have in sleep. It is like being deeply absorbed in a task." Since it is always goal-oriented, it has the advantage of being relatively fast—it accelerates the primary form of psychotherapy relevant to the problem. Hypnosis alone is never a form of therapy, but it can facilitate other forms of therapy.

The induction of hypnosis itself has been speeded up in recent years. Usually a ten-minute session with an experienced therapist can establish whether a person is able to go into a trance and whether his capability varies from none at all to a light trance to medium to deep. The deepest is the somnambulist state (another misnomer based on the original and incorrect relation of hypnosis to sleep); the eyes of the subject are open, and he may not appear to be in a trance at all whereas in lighter trances it is important for the subject to have his eyes closed. (The hypnotic phenomena of amnesia, catalysis, total body rigidity, et cetera, as they are used in theatrical demonstrations, are unnecessary and undesirable.)

About eighty per cent of all people are—on the basis of the available figures—able to go into a trance of one kind or another. Of this group twenty per cent can attain the deep state. Twenty per cent do not respond at all. In general, the only requirement is the ability to concentrate, which exists from the age of four to the geriatric level at which time there may be a certain breakdown in concentration power.

Motivation has, of course, much to do with the effectiveness of hypnosis. Fortunately, this usually peaks during times of stress when the patient admits to himself that he wants to use all the candour he has to change, to discover and develop new abilities and self-mastery he never knew he had. "It's like a rich oil reserve," said Dr. Spiegel, "that you suddenly know how to get to."

Initially, the hypnotist projects nothing on the patient; he merely brings about a convergence of conditions that induce the trance condition to deal with a problem of which the patient is informed. The patient must have a goal—stop smoking, eat less, alter the perception of pain, stop being afraid of flying, whatever—and he must know that that is the purpose of hypnosis. To induce a trance when there is no goal can be mischievous, especially with people who are vulnerable to disorientation.

Once a trance is induced, the hypnotist brings into play his clinical judgment to evaluate the nature of the symptom and to structure the suggestions he makes with which the subject will later comply. He avoids, at all costs, any form of coercion. The art form of hypnosis, in fact, seems to rest on a certain gentleness, although the suggestions made to the patient are certainly definite.

In the early stages following successful hypnosis, the patient acts compulsively on the suggestions made to him *without* understanding why. In fact, the experience is entirely a What experience rather than a Why experience. Great progress can be made while the momentum of the compliance is still purely compulsive; behaviour is controlled by the response to the hypnotic signal. For some people this may seem to be enough—may, possibly, be enough. Others, (Continued on page 206)



THE SHIRT DRESS

WRAP IT, SCARF IT. HANG ON THE CHAINS— THE DRESS OF THE YEAR IN U.S. FABRICS



Clean starched white, left: club-collared shirtdress with turned-up cuffs...vivid blue silk wrapped and wrapped at the waist...gilt discs jangling on a long gilt chain. Dress by Alice Stuart, of Fortrel and Avril (Fabrica fabric); about $20. At Stern Brothers; Jordan Marsh, Boston; G. Fox; Joseph Horne. Mimi di N chain. Doro scarf. Bistro checks, right: bright red-and-white ones—to wear open to the waist if you like, with a belt of tasselled red wooden beads and a big rolling straw sombrero. Lady Arrow shirtdress, of Dacron and cotton (Horizon fabric); about $20. At Stern Brothers; Burdine's; The Broadway. Marie-Reine belt. Mr. John hat. With all the shirtdresses on these eight pages—coiffures by Alba e Francesca.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

SHIRTDRESS! THE SMASHY SPLASHY PRINTS IN U.S. FABRICS



Pony print, right, in splotches of brown-and-white cotton, with big flap pockets, buttons to the hem—just walk right in and let your mind roll on: loop acid-green silk at the throat; hold it with a white crochet belt and a plaited white rope; lay on the rings. Vera shirtdress and print. About $30. Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; J.W. Robinson. Sally Gee scarf. Pakula rings. Stanley Postack belt. At Henri Bendel. Bandana print, far right, with bush-jacket pockets and a matching kerchief in navy and white. What more could you ask of a 1969 shirtdress—a good narrow line all the way down from the arms? You've got it—plus a couple of low-placed belts to drive the point home. By Ship 'n Shore, of cotton and polyester, $10. At Macy's.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



SHIRTDRESS! SNAPPER-DAPPER WHITES IN U.S. KNITS



Sleeves to the wrist, left—long, buttoned placket, gutsy white knit—the tailor takes a shirt, you take it from there: flip back the cuffs, tie a silk print scarf in the collar, tie a silk print scarf at the waist—zingo! Double-knit shirtdress by Gant, of Fortrel (Blends fabric); about $30. Bonwit Teller; Rings by Marvella, Bruce Rudow, Coro. Scarf is by Far Eastern. No sleeves at all on the next Chemise Lacoste in your life, right—just sun-tanned arms and sparkling white knit. And a little help from your friends—two rope belts, braided and tasselled and knotted, and lots of bright enamel rings. Chemise Lacoste by David Crystal, of Dacron; about $30. Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Hudson's; Harzfeld's. The handful of rings by Marvella, Pakula. Belts are by Elegant.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

THE SHIRT! TRANSPARENT BLACK WITH BLACK VELVET IN U.S. FABRICS

Now you see, right, how terrific a transparent shirt can be when it's patch-pocketed and cut in a marvellous black jersey that holds and moulds like a stocking...when you wrap the waist in jewels...when you wear it with perfect black velvet pants. Shirt: Vogue Pattern 7478. Pants: Vogue Pattern 7449. Far Eastern scarf. Stanley Hagler wide jewelled belt; K. J. L. narrow jewelled rope over it. Rings: Sandor Goldberger, Bruce Rudow. Covered arms, covered throat, far right: the see-through black jersey shirt with its own necktie wound round and round the throat ...bogus pearls round and round the waist... and a delicious little black velvet mini-jupe, yoked and pleated. Shirt: Vogue Pattern 7353. Skirt: Vogue Pattern 7194. Jules Van Rouge belt. Shirt fabric, both pages: Jasco rayon jersey. Pants and skirt: Crompton cotton velveteen. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. Pattern sizes, views, and details: page 209.

VOGUE PATTERNS

SHIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 7353

SKIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 7494

BEAUTY *bulletin*

How to make your own Fountain of Youth in the WINTER SUN



Paragon Traveller finds the place . . .

Here's the Paragon Traveller—1969—Year of the Anatomy. So what's she doing for her anatomy lately? She's taking it on a little foray into the winter sun, there to cozen it with the warming charms of the semi-tropics, where more man-made facilities than ever are magnifying an already formidable record for getting a body into shape. . . . The exquisite natural endowments of Florida—and that state's climate-cousins on the Pacific, in the Caribbean—have been enhanced in the bodykeeping line by technology and medical findings. (Give you a nickel for every great hotel you discover without a sauna if you give us a nickel for every jogger you see.) . . . What Ponce de León found, the Paragon Traveller is out to exploit. In these winter gardens, the Fountain of Youth awaits her. Used well, ***it will not only subtract years from her body, it can add years to her life.*** She knows that from her body's éclat stems the glow of her face, the health of her demeanour. She loses no chance to take advantage of the materials that will help promote her body's well-being to the extent that she can put it out of mind, transfer her thinking process to more engaging fields than physical improvement. . . . She turns first, rightly, to the water around her. ***The all-embracing sea. The everywhere pool.*** They offer her joy and renewal—beyond that, a delicious gymnasium. She can ride the waves on water skis or buck them on foot. In either pool or ocean, she can find constructive contentment in not touching bottom for thirty minutes by whatever means. If she's a determined swimmer, she revs up her total self by doing two hundred yards—let's say about two hundred strokes—in five minutes. Thence progressing to three hundred yards in five minutes. Five hundred yards in under eight minutes will pronounce her at the peak of condition, but she works up to that cautiously. . . . If she's somewhat less than Olympic material, she tries out the new stroke that the Beautiful People have taken to recently: ***a fast little dog paddle*** that at least one doctor has proclaimed far better for the female figure than the crawl. . . . She relaxes with water calisthenics. Stays in one place and does the breast stroke back and forth (arms push water back, then push water forward), legs scissor-kicking the while. Tones up every part of her: shoulders, bosom, waist, hips, legs, feet. . . . In the pool, she grasps the deep-water ladder firmly, swings body from waist, side to side, fishtail fashion, against the water's resistance. . . . Out of the water, she runs for her life. Which means ***she jogs***—for her heart and general pizazz. Down those adorably lonely sandy stretches, she trots, walks, trots, walks, all city self-consciousness hopefully blown out to sea. (Continued next page)

Paragon's pulse starts to race . . .

Caretaker with a golden key

Does she who suns then runs away
bloom to play another day? Yes,
if she worships with care. If
she unlocks the sun's beneficence
with such crafty keys to sun success
as Alo-Cosmetics Fashion Tan, a creamy
tanning lotion that wards off sunburn,
calls on bronzing. Yes, if she follows up
with After Tan and its famously soothing aloe
vera gel to keep her sunstruck skin lustered
with golden health. Then comes the makeup,
another sunny plot of Florida's Aloe
Creme masterminds, special effects
to light the way of a girl in search of
the Fountain of Youth. Corally Sun
Pearl lipstick and, over the lids,
Nomad Brown shadow with a trace
of Scarab Silver close to the
lashes. . . . Key to her eye
protection: blown up, stripped
down sun specs. "Window Panes" above,
frameless, in plasticized colour by Riviera.
Leather headband by Ruza Creations.
Transparent shirt by Melba Hobson for
Tannerway, of Dacron (Klopman fabric).
Handcraft scarf. Rings from index
to pinky: Castlecliff, Napier, Sant' Angelo,
Stanley Hagler. Hair: Vittorio d'Italia.

NORMAN PARKINSON





Winter resorting to beauty: How to play it to the hilt....

(Continued from page 146) Paragon Traveller takes heed of new findings that have emerged from the jogging craze. ***"Wouldn't everyone be fitter if he jogged a couple of miles every day? Of course—if everyone did it from childhood,"*** said Dr. Harry J. Johnson, president, Life Extension Foundation. "If you are under 40, fairly fit, and your doctor approves, jogging can be a worthwhile exercise. But, if you are over 40—and especially if you are over 50—take a second look, be sure to check with your doctor, and, perhaps even better, forget about jogging and get your brisk walk every day." . . . Indeed, a mile walked in less than 14½ minutes adds up, on Dr. Kenneth Cooper's *Aerobics* chart to the same two gold stars as does jogging a mile in the same time.

Paragon Traveller waits at least two hours after a meal before strenuous exercise. And plans it at least one hour before retiring. "Give the body a chance to unwind gradually . . . before bringing it to a complete rest," Dr. Cooper's *Aerobics* book tells us. Dr. Cooper also recommends, for a dieter, ***exercise immediately before a meal.*** ". . . the digestive system is then in no mood to take on a lot of food. That's the best time to feed it lightly, especially a liquid meal. You'll be slightly dehydrated after exercise, and your body will appreciate the liquid, and when your digestive system finally gets back all its blood supply, the quicky meal will have further killed your appetite."

In reference to ***resort dieting,*** the Paragon Traveller makes it a point to eat whatever grows—or swims—in the region; finds that her interest in savouring these unfamiliar delicacies disciplines her intake. Fascination with quality cuts down the quantity. She might make a liquid lunch of a local cooler: for instance, water mixed with the white spotted pulp of pitoya, a shocking-pink tropical fruit. . . . In Florida, she seeks out the enormous pink gold shrimp caught in nets nightly in the Gulf of Mexico. Spiny lobster—"crawfish"—halved, broiled, and served with melted butter and Key Lime juice. Blue crabs, stone crabs, turtle steaks. Mangoes in summer, avocados in autumn. The more rare tropical fruits like canistel, which tastes like pumpkin pie and is also known as (Continued on page 202)

Donna Allegra Caracciolo—the beach beauty

. . . a carefree beauty, natural as the day is long, with hair and sun-kissed skin gloriously free. Sea-washed lashes glisten beneath wave-swept hair which, wet or dry, tangles in cowlicks, crowds the brow, curls enchantingly round the ears. Her natural food here: a coconut chopped on a Santo Domingo beach. Sole urbanity: the rings she adores, on the longest fingers in the world.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

Sea-soaked head goes gala

Captivating way to glory in sea-soaked hair that's daily rinsed and conditioned. Draw it sleekly back, then harness it with silken cords. Extravagant, feminine gesture. Variations here, done for the Princess Luciana collection by Alba e Francesca of Rome. Top: the Roman George. Hair swept tightly back and up to show a beautiful length of neck. Centre: evening fantasy. High forward curl weightily roped and tasselled to springing ponytail. Bottom: elegant little day-do. Narrow harnessing of cotton cord links front curl to neat nape-of-neck bangs. And always: the charm of the guiche. . . .





young-up Florida

THE PLEASURES, THE PLACES, THE PEOPLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN PARKINSON

That a state so old can be so young is Florida's daily surprise. Everything stirs; nothing is exhausted —certainly not the climate; no one has used up the sun. In Florida, no one has used up anything. New seashells buff the pale, spectacular beaches; inland grazing meadows spring green all year, and gardeners resist a too good fortune. Abundance besets Florida no less than variety: There's super-more. More room for the marches of citrus groves, the sprawls of ranches, the bright boats slapping the light on the growing reticula of waterways, the young raw bursts of industry. More room for the promoters and the darers, although in places they cluster as thick as whiskers. More room especially for the young stayers who come to dig into Florida from so many states and nations, so many conditions of education, heritage, and desire that the only generalization possible is that the population of Florida can not be generalized. That's what puts the spin on the state. Florida is what's next. Although St. Augustine is the oldest city in the country, Florida's folk nostalgia goes back no further than Palm Beach at the start of this century. Florida's aspiration reaches, from its launch pad at Cape Kennedy, as far—for starters—as the moon. Who wants to lean back, when so much is ahead?

LIZA AND MINNIE PULITZER, *above, and, right,* NONIE DREXEL

Three girls, here, who take for granted the winter sensations of sun, beach, palm trees, open doors. Like all sun-bloomed children of this state, they are what Ponce de León looked for: Florida's youth spring. Right: A flash in the sea, Nonie, seven, is bright, fleet, happy about horses and tennis and playing the piano; with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, III, she spends winters at Hobe Sound. Above: Minnie, thirteen, with long maple-blond hair, and her sister Liza, twelve, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pulitzer, live in Palm Beach, have the quick-legged stripling look that belongs with the print dungarees they wear, pants with the unmistakable stamp of all designs by their mother, Lilly Pulitzer.

NORMAN PARKINSON





Florida sizz

"The climate of Miami Beach is as different from the climate of Tallahassee as Arizona's is from Montana's," said a Floridian who believes Tallahassee has the greatest climate in the world, takingsidesagainstsouthern Florida's famous mix of sun-water-air, invigorating and reliable. Signs of Florida's sizz: *Left:* Donna White, small, blond, brave, and young, playing the dare game on water skis: flying from a kite, a sport special to inland Cypress Gardens. Possibly the best known, best organized single draw in Florida, Cypress Gardens is the work of Richard Pope, a man of shaking candour and pounce, who, with his wife, invented his compound of water-ski shows, botanical gardens, and corn out of his belief in Florida and in his formula ORMI²: "Our pictorial material tings other people's money." *Right:* Françoise Rubartelli, in Palm Beach Shores, on a rare stretch of undeveloped private ocean beach blissfully trespassed by fishermen when the blues are running—a swatch of Florida's almost 9,000 miles of tidal shoreline, the longest state shoreline south of Alaska.

Françoise's own shoreline: a rare stretch of golden skin sporting 1969 colours: white bikini braced over brown. Racy as all get-in. Like Françoise. Like Florida, where great beauties and beaches connect. Bikini by Bill Blass for Roxanne; white Du Pont nylon (Brauer fabric). About $28. Bonwit Teller. Adolfo hat. Golden stomach-chain: Napier.

NORMAN PARKINSON



Florida prized

JOHN H. PHIPPS
with his Charolais cattle

To the wooded, hilly inland north of Florida where winter is winter—briefly—and Spanish moss describes the landscape better than sea grapes do, John H. Phipps, *above*, moved with his family in the 'thirties, pulled, in part, by the hunting and fishing and by the land's resemblance to his favourite sweep of Africa. Now the rich acres of Ayavalla Plantation, *left*, feed magnificent Charolais cattle (a Phipps heifer recently brought a record price of $40,000) with their attendant white cattle egrets. Among the Charolais: the creamy, handsome bull, Andrew, *far left*, long-bodied, admirably muscled, of pure French lineage. The Phippses give Florida due return: Mrs. Phipps, with her knowledgeable green-touch with gardens; Mr. Phipps, with his commitment to wildlife conservation—land, sea, and air.

NORMAN PARKINSON



Florida pull

THE ART FULL HOUSE OF J. PATRICK LANNAN AT PALM BEACH

Tall, impressive, white-haired, with shrewd blue eyes, Mr. J. Patrick Lannan has filled not only his house, "Four Winds," at Palm Beach but his New York apartment as well with treasures ranging from Donald Judd Minimal sculpture to Shang pots, Khmer heads, and a curious prepared-piano by the Baschet brothers. Some of Mr. Lannan's contemporary sculpture has been put near his pool, superbly transformed from a Florida cliché with palm trees into an outdoor gallery, and some in the small museum adjoining the house. (In his New York apartment he has a marvellous Giacometti figure—as tall as its owner—standing between two rooms, a 1937 Noguchi, and a Clyfford Still.) His Palm Beach museum, among other delights, holds master drawings by Delacroix, Picasso, and Degas as well as eighteen kinetic pieces. In a single spring of intuitive knowledge he wisely bought at one time nine Morris Louis paintings. At sixty-three Mr. Lannan is especially absorbed by art and corporations—he buys the former and sits on the boards of fifteen of the latter, all big ones. Although his only college degree is an honorary one from Duquesne University, he has a deep bent for literature. Chairman of the board of *Poetry*, that once formidable magazine founded fifty-six years ago by Harriet Monroe, he counts it rightly among his pleasures.

Sculpture, austere, exciting, mint, daring, by the pool at "Four Winds": near left, a highly polished aluminum abstract plane by David von Schlegell; far left, Grosvenor's long slide, called "Primary Cantilevered Sculpture"; centre, Michael Steiner's stainless-steel double crawlers; and beyond them, Kosso Eloul's massive steel sculpture.

Florida horse game RAISING RUNNERS AT OCALA STUD FARM

Merry Match, swimming for strength



Racing horses in training



Joseph M. O'Farrell with a weanling



*Famous stallion *Prince Taj*

"Our weather is a great asset. Young horses average about twenty hours a day out of doors developing muscle, bone, and feet," said Joseph M. O'Farrell, Executive Vice President and General Manager of Ocala Stud Farm, which for several years has made a habit of being America's largest commercial horse breeder. The land around Ocala, in the centre of Florida, is horse country, rolling, mild, patterned with fences and stables. At Tartan Farms, the 1968 Horse of the Year, Dr. Fager, recently retired. At the 1,113-acre spread of Ocala Stud, the 1965 Horse of the Year, Roman Brother, was bred, as well as enough other winners to give the Ocala Stud-bred horses a million-dollar-a-year average in earnings over the last decade. A part of Ocala Stud's training success: their Florida-blue swimming pool for horses. "A tremendous amount of exercise that develops muscle and wind without any concussion on the legs and feet," this long-recognized and accepted practice of swimming horses seems, in the light-shards of sunshine, curiously Floridian.

NORMAN PARKINSON



Florida horse game

CHANDLER COWLES WITH HIS RARE ANDALUSIANS

Where the going is good, the specialists go. Near Tallahassee these two convinced men pursue the raising, breeding, and improvement of disparate kinds of horse. Chandler Cowles, *left page*, known in New York as the producer of Gian Carlo Menotti's operas, is known in Florida as the breeder of magnificent Andalusians of the Cartujano line, a lineage undiluted since the Carthusian monks protected it in the eighth century. With only sixty or so Andalusians in the United States. Mr. Cowles accounts for about one third of them on his plantation where he sidelines in hay, squash, turnips, collards. Andalusians are his pride. He was photographed on Bizarro V (here executing a piaffer, a trot in place), a stallion equal to the Duke of Newcastle's 1667 description of the Andalusian: "the lovingest and gentlest horse and fittest of all for a King in his day of Triumph."

COLIN S. PHIPPS WITH HIS QUICK-FOOTED COLOMBIAN PASOS

Colin S. Phipps, *this page*, has plunged himself into the raising of Colombian Pasos, accumulating a herd of almost 140 horses in four years since he and his brother flew in from Colombia, as presents for their wives, the first nine of these versatile, rugged animals with their unusual, smooth, single-footed fast walk, and their all-around usefulness: "We cut cattle, rope, rein, and jump with them." Aiming to improve the breed, Mr. Phipps shares with his neighbour Mr. Cowles a reluctance to sell his horses: They have in common a mania for protecting their horses' cherished lines

young-up fashion



28 SMASHY NEW LOOKS ALL IN U.S. FABRICS.
ALL SUN-SNAPPED IN FLORIDA



NORMAN PARKINSON

White in the foreground, white in the background—clean, blazing white to turn a Florida suntan to pure unalloyed gold. Shirtdresses, the out-in-front fashion for 1969, photographed at the Elias Brothers' Farm in Ocala—an unending pattern of paint-white fences on rich, rolling grass green—some of the finest grazing country in northern Florida. Fly-front white piqué, far left, and inserts of white eyelet—the starchiest little shirtdress to belt over golden legs or white pants. By Lisa Cobb, in Cory Mills cotton piqué. About $50. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Wanamaker's, Phila. Rings by Pakula. Gilt chains by Trifari.

Double-dazzle shirtdress, left—diamanté buttons on blinding white crêpe going out as a really short dinner dress or a belted shirt over black silk pants. By Carlye, in Avisco acetate and rayon crêpe (Bloomsburg fabric). About $70. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; Bullock's, Downtown. Rings by Castlecliff, Richelieu, Stanley Hagler. Aliata sandals. Coiffures on these twenty-two pages, all by Vittorio d'Italia.



Florida

YOUNG-UP SHIRTDRESSES— THE WRAP, THE KNIT

White-and-black print, above, shirty on sleeves, short on hem—with yards of flower ribbon kimono-wrapping an adorable new shirt look. By Mr. Dino, in Arnel. About $45. At Lord & Taylor; Maas Brothers; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. Rings by Castlecliff, Kramer, Napier, Trifari. White gladiator sandals by Aliata.



White-and-chocolate pinstripes, left, bold on flap pockets, shy on length—just the yummy little sliver of knit everyone's been hungering for. By Sacony, in Dacron (Zantex fabric). About $33. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; May D&F; J. W. Robinson. Knotted white Shetland—another of the white belt looks, now—at Brooks Brothers. Coro rings. Vuitton shoulderbag. The fences of "Merrybrook," Mr. H. O. H. Frelinghuysen's farm where some of the finest racing horses in England, France, and America are raised, speed into the background of both pages and across some two hundred acres of Ocala.



NORMAN PARKINSON

Florida

YOUNG-UP WHITE—
THE SEE-THROUGH
SHIRTDRESS,
COWLED PULLOVER

Fishnet shirtdress, left, cut with traditional haberdash—patch pockets, tab front, shirt collar and cuffs—over nothing more than a G-string. By Ginori, in Du Pont nylon (Silco Knitting Mills fabric). About $55. Bloomingdale's: L. S. Ayres; Joseph Magnin. Slithery matte jersey, right, to pull on over bare golden skin—a sensational feeling, a sensational look done with perfect cut and cowl. By Scott Barrie, in rayon jersey (Style Trends fabric). About $55. At Best & Co. Both pages: Ruza Creations headbands; Pakula rings. And all aboard William S. McKelvy's Hatteras "Bear," knifing through Fort Lauderdale's yacht-dappled waters.

Florida

YOUNG-UP WHITE–
BARED MIDRIFF,
BARING ROBE

Half-way top and dirndl skirt, above, adding up to a bi-colour dress: white piqué—and your own golden tan; the tiny dirndl has giant patch pockets almost bigger than the skirt itself. Top and skirt by B. H. Wragge, of Galey & Lord Dacron and cotton piqué. About $80. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Burdine's; I. Magnin. Gilt midriff-chain by Napier. Great-sleeved robe open all the way, right, and simply held in place by little knotted ties at the bosom and cuffed wrists—the most effortless sort of allure for lunch after a swim. White robe and matching bikini pantie by Jon Haggins; a Bandura turnout of nylon (Beaunit fabric). About $155. At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; D. H. Holmes; Joske's Houston. Photographed aboard "Pam's Pony" riding at anchor off Fort Lauderdale—and designed by Don Aronow of Magnum Marine, who also designed the racy little "Sockitome" seen opposite.



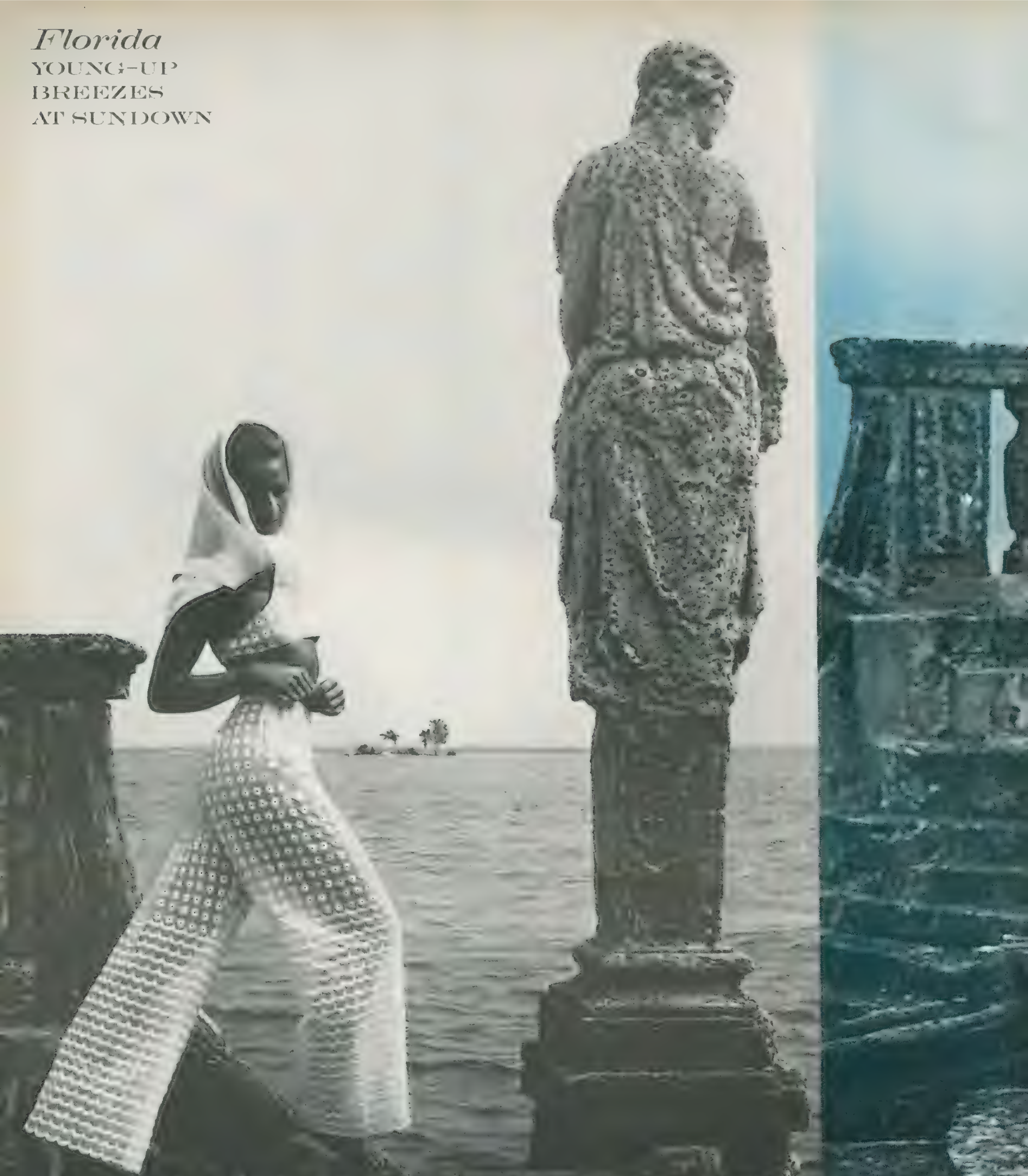
Florida

YOUNG-UP WHITE-
BARED MIDRIFF
BARING ROBE

White cover, uncover, right, for after-beach or palmy dinner—white T-top and long sarong that wraps, slits, slithers. Bare midriff and legs. A Bandura turnout of Du Pont nylon (Soptra fabric). Oscar de La Renta Boutique; about $125. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel. Napier chain. Paisley voile, far right, in sulphur, navy, white—shirt top, two-tiered long skirt (we wrapped and tucked the top layer into the waist). By Adelaar, of Dacron and cotton (Lonsdale Mills fabric). Shirt, about $16; skirt, about $32. At Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; J.W. Robinson. Napier pendant. Rings: Robert Originals, Maison de Fou, House of Joy. Stately background: Vizcaya—a treasure of a palazzo in a Venetian setting on Biscayne Bay.



Florida
YOUNG-UP BREEZES AT SUNDOWN



White eyelet pants above, breezing along with a triangular eyelet bandeau, a filmy white scarf with satin borders. Oscar de La Renta Boutique, of Schiffli-embroidered cotton organdie (George Richardson fabric); about $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue, Swanson's. Toga—the stepping stone, right, to a great Florida look: sky-coloured crêpe slit almost to the armholes; tiny bikini pants. (Long matching pants available.) By Nasebe Maloaf for Perfect Negligee, of Arnel and nylon (Blue Ridge-Winkler fabric); about $110. Bonwit Teller, Montaldo's, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin. Here, more views of Vizcaya, the 72-room Renaissance museum-palace on Biscayne Bay, surrounded by thirty acres of formal gardens, pools, fountains, statuary, shaded walks through greenery.



Florida

YOUNG-UPS-
A SEA OF STRIPES
AND DOTS



Striped pants, left—brown, black, white, with a square-necked pull of deep-water green. Both by Scott Barrie. Top of Acrilan (Electro-Knit fabric); pants of Celanese acetate (Wul-Lesco fabric). Both, about $25. At Best & Co.; Country Club Fashions. Sunglasses by Riviera. Rings, worn double-jointed: Sant' Angelo, Pakula, and Napier. Striped sliver-dress, above, navy-and-white cotton knit with cord laced neck, for over-bikini, over-pants, over-skin. By Smartee. About $10 at Best & Co. Shown on "Pam's Pony," a boat designed by Don Aronow of Magnum Marine. Yachting dotting, right, a long top and wide pants of navy-and-white cotton knit—seaworthy together or separately. Erika Elias for Charlie's Girls, of Alamac cotton. Top, about $12; pants, about $16. At Best & Co.; Halle Bros. Photographed on the fifty-foot Hatteras "Bear," owned by William S. McKelvy.

NORMAN PARKINSON

Florida

YOUNG-UP BATHING SUITS– CLINGY LITTLE NOTHINGS



Swimming stocking, left, a small body of blue, unstiff, unpadded, all softness and cling wet or dry. By Elisabeth Stewart; Ban-Lon swimsuit of Du Pont nylon (Fair-Tex fabric); about $22. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Bikini with tiny sleeves, right, in India pink—to wrap with gleaming chains at suntimes. By Jantzen; a Bandura swimsuit of Du Pont nylon (Beaunit fabric); about $18. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; D. H. Holmes; Joseph Magnin. Golden chain over a bare bronzed waist, by Napier. Stanley Hagler ring, worn on chain. Sunplace here: the delicious, well-mannered surf of Palm Beach—broad blue waves with a little northern energy, just the right temperature, easing up on the sand in foamy, friendly gurgles....

NORMAN PARKINSON





Florida

YOUNG-UPS HOLD THE PRESS—PERMANENTLY

To wear under the bright Florida sun—a crisp little wardrobe that wilts not, wants not: everything permanent press.... Three-piece turnout, left, *in Florida-lemon yellow, Florida-green: short jacket, bra, skirt like a little wrapped kilt. By Ginori, in permanently pressed Fortrel and cotton. About $90; at Bloomingdale's; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Pendant by Napier: Bergdorf Goodman. Cross by Vendôme: Bloomingdale's. Rings by Marvella, Castlecliff, Kramer, Pakula, Nap*

Crisscross back, above left, *holding a sleek white sundress. About $40. Cut-out side,* below left, *cooling a white jump suit with wide, straight pants. About $55. Both at Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Cork-and-rope clogs by Battani. Sailor dress,* above—*white, with laced-up middy collar, A-line skirt. About $40. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Square watch—worn on the ankle—by Old England: Bloomingdale's.* All three costumes, *this page, by Ginori, in white permanently pressed Dacron and cotton by Galey & Lord. The bright checked sun-igloos here—at the Lago Mar Hotel, Harbor Beach, Fort Lauderdale.*

NORMAN PARKINSON

The littlest culottes, this page—in sparkling white piqué; great for the Florida life, or any summer sun-life.... Navy stitching, left, on a chopped culotte of white cotton piqué; drawstring waist. By Villager. About $23. At Altman's, New York; Rich's; Maas Brothers. Oliver Goldsmith sunglasses. Kicky pleats, above, and patch pockets—on the tiniest culotte dress in white cotton piqué. By Alexa (Seltzer & Diamond fabric). About $24. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Accessocraft chain. Sandals, this page, by Aliata. Open to the breezes, opposite—rows of openwork holes on a day-or-evening pants suit of chalk-white cotton piqué. Straight, sleeveless top, straight-legged pants—both, revealing circlets of sun-browned skin through tiny round windows. By Lilly Pulitzer. About $60. Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Thick cork clogs, by Bernardo. Setting: the Shell Oil plant, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

NORMAN PARKINSON

Florida

YOUNG-UPS
IN WHITE
COTTON
PIQUE

Florida

YOUNG-UP
LEGGY LOOKS



The chopped jump suit, left—in un-choppy Florida seas, foaming lazily in over the sands at Miami Beach—looks two-piece but isn't; the brief, skin-tight brown jump is attached to the little white top. By Brigance for Sinclair, in Antron nylon and stretch Du Pont nylon (Pam Stretch fabric). About $28. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. Brown mini-jeans, right—short, short, shorts in cotton denim; brass grommets. By Lynn Stuart for Pantsville (Canton fabric). $10. At Bloomingdale's. Brown shirt by Melba Hobson for Tannerway, of Dacron (Klopman fabric). About $18. At Best & Co. Riviera sunglasses. Calderon belt. Awning stripes, centre right: bold black-and-white ones on low-slung cotton denim pants, zipped in red. By Lynn Stuart for Pantsville (Swift fabric). $14. At Bloomingdale's. Black see-through shirt by Sarff-Zumpano, in Stevetex tricot georgette by Stevens of Monsanto Blue C nylon. $55. At Best & Co. Mini-blue jeans, upper right—fringed all around. By Lynn Stuart for Pantsville; navy-blue cotton denim by Canton. $10. Bloomingdale's. Navy-blue Shetland Brooks Brothers sweater. Coach Leatherware belt bag. Riviera sunglasses.

NORMAN PARKINSON



FLORIDA SURPRISES

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW



GOVERNOR AND MRS. CLAUDE R. KIRK, JUNIOR, *may be Florida's top surprise, for Governor Kirk, with his election in 1966 as the state's first Republican chief executive in almost a century, set Florida for the first time on the two-party system. Bear-voiced, outspoken, likable, and flamboyant, the Governor, a strong wind in the expectable doldrums of one-party habits, has in two years accomplished revision of the state constitution, the inception of a state-wide law-enforcement body, and a restructuring of the school educational system—three big moves. With Mrs. Kirk, a tall, delicious, German-born blonde who thinks a great deal about her husband and her two daughters and as little as possible about politics, the Governor lives in Tallahassee in the state's Mansion, coldly formal in the reception rooms but bright, comfortable, imaginative in the family quarters where Mrs. Kirk has had her zingy way.* DR. LOUIS GARDNER MACDOWELL, *co-author of U.S. patent 2,453,109, is by that fact possibly the most important person in Florida's largest agricultural industry, oranges. By the slick trick of adding fresh juice to otherwise unpalatable concentrate and freezing it, he made frozen orange concentrate a success, providing decent citrus juices all year long and helping to stabilize the chancy fortunes of growers. Florida produces 80 per cent of the nation's oranges, 98 per cent of its frozen concentrate. At one of the many processing plants, Lykes Pasco Packing Company, where Dr. MacDowell was photographed in front of machinery suggestive more of an oil refinery than of a juice stand, five thousand tons of citrus are concentrated every twenty-four hours, seven days a week, for about six months of the year. Big, shambly, amusing, rumbly, and searching, Dr. MacDowell, Director of Research for the Florida Citrus Commission in Lakeland, gets no return for his patent (assigned to the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture), continues to be fascinated with citrus. One of his aims: to make dry, crystallized juice cost less and taste more.*

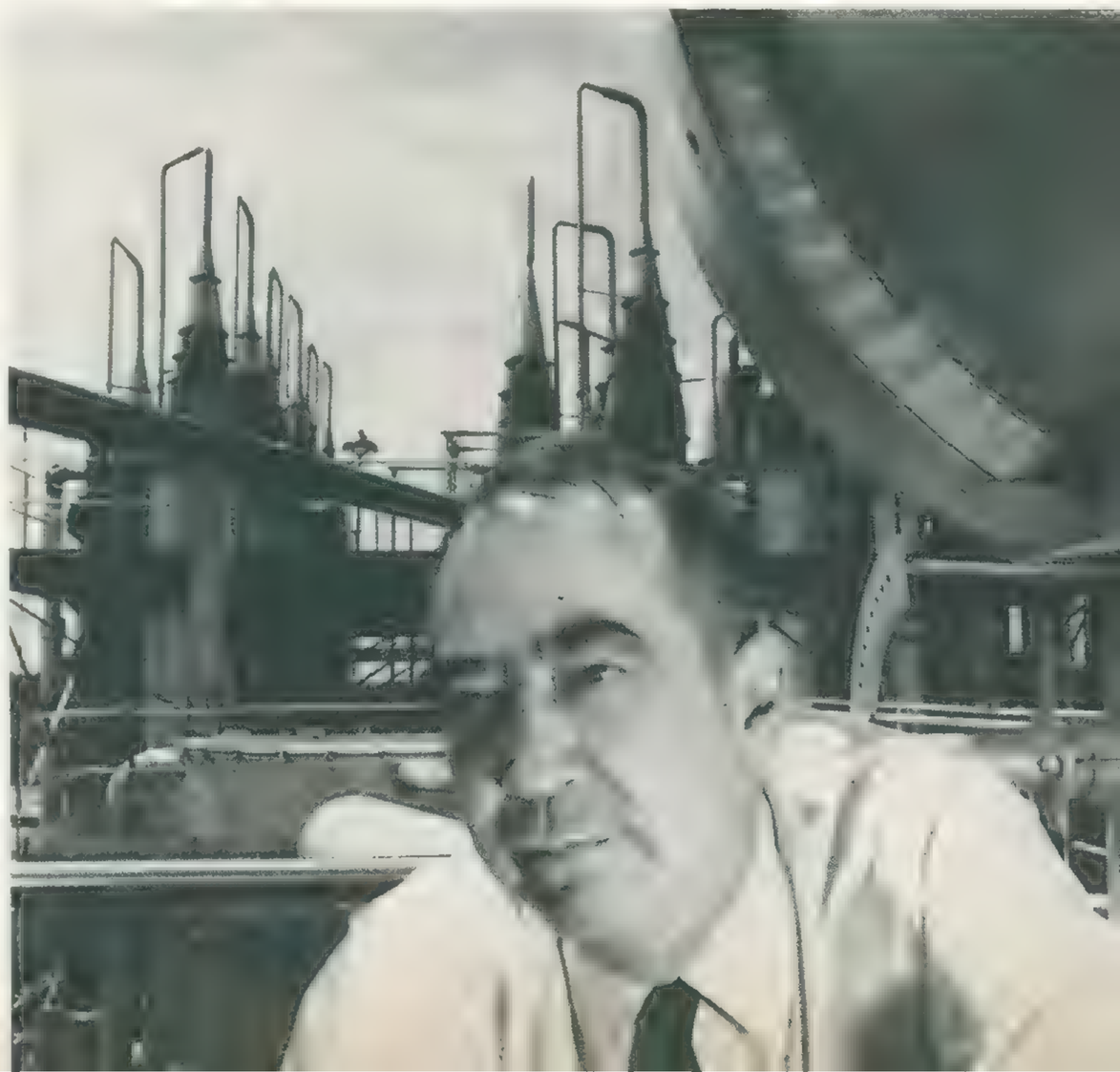
GOVERNOR AND MRS. CLAUDE R. KIRK, JUNIOR

The common circumstance in Florida is this: Nature begins ten miles back from the coast. But there it is, suddenly, as if a line had been drawn: forbidding stands of grass, slow rivers, mosses and cypresses, springs bubbling, birds watching, and a wonderful silence.

It is not instantly beguiling, for here nothing is obvious, the clichés of landscape are absent—the grand view, the rocky heights, the snowcapped peaks—the whole state is as flat as your hand, the colours are muted; what you find, and it takes a while, are space and peace and an almost disquieting excess of sky.

About half of Florida stands undisturbed. much as it was in 1513 when Ponce de León came with his royal Spanish grant to have a look. On the other hand, about half is money, sun, and sand. At Palm Beach money meets money with old money dining easily with new money, for Palm Beach is the social Bourse of the country. There the kindly rich from Texas, Oklahoma, California, Montana. and every other state meet the Chicago and New York rich, the settled old families that put down early when four men really invented Palm Beach. They were Addison Mizner, an architect, recently back from the Klondike; Paris Singer who loved the arts; Henry M. Flagler who brought the railroad south to Palm Beach. went on a heady course of building hotels, and died in 1913: and, finally, Colonel E. R. Bradley who ran with a strict hand his famous gambling places.

Mizner arrived in Palm Beach in 1918, according to Alva Johnston's *The Legendary Mizners*, "on a stretcher, suffering from necrosis, lung symptoms, heart symptoms, and a general breakdown.



DR. LOUIS GARDNER MacDOWELL



NORMAN PARKINSON

DR. ROBERT H. SIMPSON

He had, he said, sixty thousand dollars in debts and only a few months to live. In borrowing money to get to Palm Beach, he offered his imminent death as gilt-edged security against bothering his benefactors again.

"At the winter resort, he fell in with Paris Singer, a wealthy architectural amateur and all-around dilettante, who had also come to Palm Beach to enact a big deathbed scene. The moribund Mizner put in his dying hours sketching gay and beautiful pleasure domes for the expiring Singer. Suddenly, they both got bored to death with dying and decided to turn their energies to building. With Singer's vast sewing-machine wealth to launch him, Addison in a few years transformed Palm Beach from the rich man's Coney Island into a perpetual world's fair of architecture."

In the twenties Mizner's Palm Beach style was quite simply "Bastard-Spanish-Moorish-Romanesque-Gothic-Renaissance-Bull-Market-Damn-the-Expense." Because the only kind of client Mizner accepted wanted a fairy-tale castle to show both wealth and social index, "He claimed that he invented a cycle of ancient romance, legend, scandal, and tragedy and then designed buildings to go with it. In his wild fancy, he saw his American oil, steel, railroad, chain-grocery, and straight-rye kings ambling about in ancestral halls. . . ." Johnston wrote: "Much of Addison's architecture was solidified social ambition. . . . Addison was adept at egging on social leaders to fight it out with Mizner architecture, and he stirred up terrific duels in which great ladies delivered tremendous blows with new Moorish patios and frescoed porticoes, only to receive savage counterthrusts in the shape of neo-Byzantine loggias, baroque staircases, and colonnaded orangeries."

Almost as bizarre as Mizner, Paris Singer loved architecture but he loved Isadora Duncan more. At one point in their extraordinary romance, he bought the *old*, old Madison Square Garden for her, but when she failed to like it, he lost his two hundred thousand option on it. The demise of their affair, however, happened in Palm Beach, wrote Johnston, when Isadora caught "a glimpse of the handsome physical instructor of Gus's Baths. Paris, returning from a business trip, discovered that Kid McCoy not only had ousted him from his place in Isadora's heart but had formed the habit of throwing big champagne parties and charging them to Paris Singer's account. . . . He called in Addison Mizner and started to build and build and build. He didn't stop until the (Continued on page 203)

DR. ROBERT H. SIMPSON, *who, like a rubber band, goes from relaxed bounce to high tension when a storm blows, is Director of the United States Weather Bureau's National Hurricane Center at Miami (his image, above, appears in the eye of a storm). "In weather, conditions are rarely normal," said Dr. Simpson, who in an unnormal normal year watches over about six full-scale hurricanes in the Greater Atlantic, Caribbean, and Gulf of Mexico, with two of these hitting the United States hard. On these storms Dr. Simpson and his staff are full authority for predictions, warnings, and advisories in this country and most Caribbean islands. In addition all year they watch over the weather for coastal and intercoastal marine interests, our armed forces, and international aviation, and run the regional centre for tropical meteorology, preparing predictions from the vicinity of Hawaii to Africa. Dr. Simpson, whose wife, Dr. Joanne Simpson, is an authority on tropical meteorology, gives Florida an expert's guarded praise: "Florida has its share of violent weather," he said, "but a very meagre share of discomfort."*



Florida power lines

DR. KURT H. DEBUS, DIRECTOR OF THE JOHN F. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER

Short, laconic, intense but patient, Dr. Debus, *left,* who has sent up more than 160 rockets for the assembly, checkout, and launching of the extraordinary manned moon shot of Apollo/Saturn V for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. (At the left in the photograph stands the Vehicle Assembly Building, which in volume is the largest structure in the world.) Dr. Debus, born in 1908 in Germany, was flight director during World War II at Germany's Peenemünde Rocket Center which launched the V-2 long-range rockets and guided missiles. In 1945, the war over, he came to the United States for rocketry as staff assistant to Wernher von Braun. Dr. Debus launched the first U.S. earth satellite, the first U.S. space probe, then in turn the Jupiter, Mercury, and Saturn I flights before he took on the Apollo/Saturn moon vehicles. Because of his unique services, he holds the U.S. Army's highest civilian decoration.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN D. MacARTHUR

This unassuming, shirtsleeved couple is the outward and visible sign of one of the world's great fortunes—somewhere between five and eight hundred million dollars—made from a standing start by Mr. MacArthur, who began his pile in Chicago selling life insurance for a dollar. That led to more insurance, to real estate, to Florida. Now the MacArthurs live in his Colonnades Beach Hotel at Palm Beach Shores, where they were photographed at dawn with her poodle, Lulubelle, and his Weimaraner, Zeckendorf. Mr. MacArthur, a man of considerable growly, sensitive charm that he hides under a cracker barrel, works informally over coffee in his hotel's coffee shop greeting guests with deep courtesy, scaring his employees who run a grapevine on his moods, and making wealth sound a cinch: "You have to be right fifty-one out of a hundred times, and that's fairly easy." Once his secretary, still immersed in his business, Mrs. MacArthur, a woman with a fine, chiselled profile and quiet jabs of humour, works upstairs, sending memos from their penthouse. On their first visit to Florida to shake out tangled investments the MacArthurs fell for the state, moved in. Mr. MacArthur, who owns, in Florida, land, beef, citrus, television facilities, resorts, utilities, and a few whole cities, said, "Here you can see things grow. It isn't a lot of figures on a statement. When you get all through, the ground you walk on is your basic value."

NORMAN PARKINSON

DR. F. G. WALTON SMITH

Florida sea experts

Florida's tropical waters, a scarcely mined Klondike of research material for marine scientists, attract the world's experts, among them: Dr. F. G. Walton Smith, a pleasant, pipe-smoking man, awesomely informed about anything on, in, or under the ocean, Director of the Institute of Marine Sciences at the University of Miami, a post he has held from the Institute's start in 1943. Now the Institute has at least 150 projects in hand, with Dr. Smith up on them all from bio-acoustics to the structure of water: "actually very unusual." He gives unwavering priority to pure science, considers commercial applications such as shrimp-farming a spin-off. Born and educated in England, author of several books, Dr. Smith moved with his family to Florida largely because of its tropical ocean. A competitive fisherman and sailor, Commodore of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, Dr. Smith (photographed in his office in front of a mounted mako) plays where he works—at sea.

Dr. Eugenie Clark is a gentle, harried, small, pretty woman, the mother of four, and a world-famous expert on fish, especially the sharks that play along the west coast of Florida. In front of her low-resting house on the rocks at Sarasota, she once caught a tiger shark. (In the photograph opposite she is shown wearing a shark's jaw, the cartilage with teeth still in it.) Born in New York City, she has a plaided heritage—her father, French-English, and her mother, Scottish-Japanese. Her autobiography, *Lady with a Spear*, begins conversationally: "I took several fast deep breaths, adjusted my face mask, checked the safety lock on my speargun, and dived back down into the Red Sea." With Katherine von Schmidt she made a study of 762 sharks and 842 embryos of sixteen species of sharks, most of them caught on trot lines near Sarasota.

DR. EUGENIE CLARK

NORMAN PARKINSON


SHARK
729 LB



Florida unlikely

HOUSE OF SURPRISES IN PALM BEACH

Skipping all Florida formulae, Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Davie live with their two children in a town house on a green courtyard just off Worth Avenue: an unlikely place filled with the unlikely and enchanting collections of Mr. Davie, who has the soul of a gifted bowerbird. A designer of extraordinary, one-of-a-kind jewels that he sells at 343 Worth Avenue, Mr. Davie pursues the exacting execution of his designs all over Europe and into Asia, scouting treasure as he goes. Casting herself as his adjutant, Mrs. Davie—tall, dandelion-haired, all snap, crackle, and dash—flies after him, possibly with a crate of jewels belted into the plane seat beside her. What he creates, she wears with panache. What they both like: sports, action, his work, and their elegant, oddball house overlooking the open calm of the Everglades Club golf course. *Above:* Ivory animal heads carved in Germany and Austria about a century ago, their jewelled collars and stone bases added by Mr. Davie. The ivory figurine is of Queen Elizabeth I with some of her history under her skirts. *Right:* In the living room: Mrs. Davie, wearing huge, light-gathering, facetted amber beads, seated on a Siamese howdah chair. A papier-mâché lamp from Kashmir stands between the sofa and screen, painted in Palm Beach with zebras and Kilimanjaro. On the wall hangs part of a collection of curious clocks—saw clocks, water clocks, picture clocks—chosen largely for the ingenuity of their works.

NORMAN PARKINSON



HOUSE OF SURPRISES

Left, top to bottom: Mrs. Davie on her racy, striped AMX marked with a rebus of her nickname, Dysie. A table-load of nineteenth-century French bronze horses, each a different kind—and one donkey; plus silver boxes cast from early tintype frames. Nymphenburg porcelain figures; a silver box with a portrait of the hussar who won it in a regimental horse race: and a delicate, jewelled crop. Enormous silver rose bowls in heavy relief; sugar shakers once owned by J. P. Morgan; and a Viennese silver gilt tea caddy topped with a minute battle scene. Collected glass paperweights, some old French. some new Baccarat, and a Bohemian lion-and-palm weight. Mrs. Davie, freighted with jewels by Bedford Davie. The jewels in detail: a necklace with a gold miniature of a Chinese war lord's mask; a ring with a whopping Spanish topaz; three heavily jewelled bracelets (one an old carved Indian aquamarine clutched in gold and sapphire lion's paws). Sports trophies won by Bedford Davie for, among other things, motorboat racing, squash, golf, tennis.
Right: Detail of a table made from thick old Iranian tiles describing a wedding; on it, a Danish earthenware bird's head made into a cigarette box, camels of pink Chinese jade, a spray of orchids, and a Persian silver knife.

NORMAN PARKINSON











Florida
cool play

THE JAMES FENTRESS HOUSE IN HOBE SOUND

It's a polished Florida technique: hot-weather architecture ("the Florida room" exists far beyond the state). Here, in the new James Fentress house in Hobe Sound, the decorator William Baldwin has taken all the cool-think of the Palm Beach architect John Volk—deep galleries, colonnades, open patios—and given it international echoes, bright rumours of tropical, colonial, hot-land houses all over the world. The polished red tile floors, the shutter-shadowed windows, the thin blowing curtains in wide-opening walls—hints of Morocco, Mexico, Spain. Mr. and Mrs. Fentress have deliberately left the options of illusion open: Neither stringent nor overblown, their house rises as if on a private island with nothing to stop the eye but a perimeter of green and, in one direction. the Sound. in another the sea.

This page, top: David Fentress, five,
in the long front hall; he, playing cowboy;
the hall, with its gilded Siamese deer
and mother-of-pearl inlaid Moroccan
furnishings, playing East, Far and Near.
Below: The living room, cued
by rattan and straw colours, all tans,
white, and black, patterned in the cotton
that have become a Baldwin hallmark.
Opposite page, top: The guest bedroom,
a flare of Indian colour, with the beds coverea
in bright quilted cotton on a canopied platform
guarded by Indian figures, a bright felt beast.
Below, left to right: The sitting-dining room,
its deep, colonnaded cool deepened
by dark-brown printed vinyl walls, pale
cottons, and a ceiling painted the sweet mauve
of the orchids. The entrance of the house, low,
verandahed, tiled, at the end of a courtyard
plaided with grass. The master bedroom, all
persimmon and white, its two supersize beds,
plots of flowers and butterflies.

NORMAN PARKINSON

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Paris: *"The rage is the long long Isadora Duncan scarf in Angora for cold weather. The best from Cerutti . . . Crêpe ones coming in for spring. . . ."*

New York: A new newspaper named "ARK" . . . wide as, longer than,* The New York Times. *Not one word of writing, it's total photographs — fascinating, unusual, rivetting ones. The first copy has some by Avedon . . . an essay on socks by Steve Lawrence. . . . "ARK" will come out once a month, cost 50 cents. Sold in bookshops, and some special newsstands. . . .

Palm Springs: Knee socks on the tennis court—a natty new proportion to the correct tennis look of sneakers, a narrow cut cotton jersey T-shirt, and shorts from Jax . . . seen at the El Dorado Club. . . .

Paris, Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Madison Ave.... There are twenty-one Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutiques scattered across the world now. And the first opened only two and a half years ago. . . . Givenchy boutiques are now in Lausanne and Rome as well as Paris. . . . Interesting, invigorating, to see the luxe boutiques, the solid fashion clothes of the great couturiers, "best sellers" everywhere. . . .

Mount Snow, Vt.: A hippie skier reports. "Most important is the floppy felt hat—generally black—worn almost over the eyes and tied under the chin. . . . Always a weskit—over a sweater, but *never* a *ski* sweater! . . . Chains and medallions—lots slapping around. . . . Old dungarees. A few renegade hippies wear ski pants but this is not terribly 'in.' The most 'in' thing is to wear your old dungarees slit up from the boot about a foot to a foot and a half and inserted with a piece of flowered cotton—giving a kind of bell-bottom with the cotton flowers flying in the wind when you ski. . . . The rattiest, snarliest, mattiest fur you can find. Best is a curly lamb or Mongolian lamb that was once white and is now yellowed. This is about as 'in' as you can get. . . . Ski boots, alas, remain ski boots—but don't forget flower decals on your skis. . . ."

Los Angeles: "The opening of *Hair* was fantastic . . . the audience looked beautiful." . . . "Producer Michael Butler joined the cast for the finale standing stock still like the chief of the tribe, completely in silver—silver plumes on his head, his whole body painted, a silver lamé loin cloth—sensational!" . . . "And one of the cast, Tom Sumner, wore a necklace designed by Mr. Butler—161 Indian-head nickels hung from a Cartier gold chain." . . .

BERRY BERENSON

Is it the Twiggy doll?

No, no, it's Anna Levine, just 15, not quite a size 3, very much alive, and a cool, very together girl.

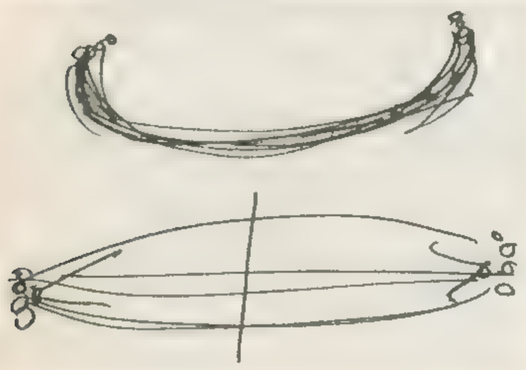


After all, it isn't everyone who—just because she was spotted by a designer who saw that here was something special—can step out in a salon filled with fashion press and personalities and calmly model a few turns and then just as calmly depart so as not to miss any more school. . . . You see, Anna is the daughter of famous shoe designer Beth Levine. And one day Halston, the famous hat designer (who's now designing clothes), saw Anna and persuaded her to model for his first Halston Ltd. collection . . . things like this flowery print with a white batiste peasant chemise. . . . Halston Ltd. will make the costume in regular grown-up girls' sizes. For Bloomingdale's (in March). In the meantime, let's hope little Anna emerges from her cool—and school—every once in a while, just so we don't lose the delicious, refreshing sight of her. . . .

What's going on here? Just a banana—

JACK ROBINSON





A banana for five people (or a hundred, or a thousand—firmly packed), to climb in and play together, or whatever. . . . It's made of yellow acetate silk weighing 100 lbs., 100 feet long—and open at both ends. The flexible banana is the design of ***James Lee Byars,*** bending over there, adjusting things for some of the kids from the cast of *Hair* to play in (Melba Moore, Kim Milford, Natalie Mosco, Erroll Booker, Marjorie Lipari). And those are some of Mr. Byars's drawings of the banana, left. Mr. Byars's banana is one of several of his "many people" designs (there's the "Bikini for Thirteen," the "Hat for 100") being sold at Bert Stern's new boutique "On 1st.," 1159 First Avenue. . . .



BERT STERN

Going into "On 1st" is like diving into the deep sea—it's pitch blue black—flashing lights—glistening shapes and things. . . . There are also a few of the great clothes designed by Ossie Clark for London's Quorum shop. For instance, the silver lamé leather nipped and flared jacket worn by actress ***Geneviève Gilles*** ("The World of Fashion"). $96. ***Geneviève Gilles*** (right) in a long Cossack chemise of satin by Ossie Clark. $35. From Bert Stern's "On 1st," 1159 First Ave. . . .

More on next page



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

"All we wear is suède now."



HOGENBOOM



It's Marsha Trina, new talent from London. She's just finished the costumes—as much as they wear—for the Acapulco cast of Hair. . . .

Marsha's just about ready to set up her atelier in New York City. And she's absolutely rivetted on suède. "I'd been studying sculpture, welding and so on. But then, I had an idea about leather—and then I had 100 ideas about leather and. . . ." Marsha's leather studio in New York will be the sort of place where you can order what you want, except you can't want *exactly* what someone else already has. "I don't like anything twice. Everything I make has to have something special for that person." . . . For example (above): Marsha in the centre, in her ruby suède weskit decorated with silver discs, beads, rivets. On either side, gentlemen friends wearing look-alike deeply fringed suède jackets, only *his*, on the left, is pearly grey with chrome rivets. And his, on the right, is dusty brown with brass adornments. Caterine Milinaire, Janie Holzer, Noël Redding, Jimmie Hendrix's bass player, already own Trina designed suèdes. . . .

My stars! How patriotic!



BERRY BERENSON

It was a grand old coat—and it still is. Designed by Mainbocher for World War II Waves, it was just hanging there at Weiss & Mahoney Inc. (142 Fifth Ave.), waiting for José Vilela to buy for $25. But ahah! Then *he* added big brass star buttons. And where he got *those*, he says, is his secret. . . .

Ropes. Let's remember ropes and tassels of silk or leather, or beads, or ciré ribbon . . . so chic twisted around the ankle, tied about the waist, wrapped like a choker around a long swan neck, at the end of a pigtail. . . .



CHARLES TRACY

Can your jeweller tell the difference? Many can't, since there's a lot of fire and colour flashing in the man-made gemstones Pauline Trigère uses for her jewellery boutique collection. Handsome settings too, like these chock-a-blocks of 14-karat gold, nice worn a bulk at a time like this too. . . . Prices range from $80 to $7,000 in Trigère Jewel boutique, Bonwit Teller, New York. . . .

London: Pretty birds look for butterflies.

"Butterfly was my stage name you see. . . . And I think men should never be tattooed, ladies should perhaps have one. . . ."



1

Genevieve Waite, star of the flick *Joanna*, adorable little white-heat blondy with a voice as high as the tweet tweets, talks about fashion. **1.** *Butterflies*. "This is my tattoo. And my enamel brooches—I go to the Caledonian Antique Market at five in the morning before the dealers get there. . . ." **2.** "*My velvet hat*—it's an old one—one of the first from Biba's boutique. I love velvet. . . . Someone asked me for a tip to catch men. I said 'always wear velvet'. . . ." **3.** "*These are my satin overalls* printed with a lipstick pattern. Aren't they pretty? They come from the Fulham Road Clothes Shop—it's owned by two lovely girls. . . ." **4.** "*Aren't my shoes nice!* They're real show biz—Rita Hayworth y'know. I got them at the Chelsea Antique Market. Also my pants and my boy's sweater." **5.** "*I've been painting my buckskin* from the King's Road. These are my impressions of New York. . . . Look! Here's Andy Warhol. . . ."



2

3

4

CHARLES TRACY

5



Butterflies—beautiful silver filigree ones are what Penelope Tree finds at the place everyone in London visits—the Chelsea Antique Market. . . .

PATRICK LICHFIELD



Naturally, Penelope is drawn to that special place for explorers, the maze of stalls clumped together on the King's Road. . . . The "Hope and Eleanor" nook has such tempting enamel butterfly brooches. . . .



And at the "Purple Shop" stall, there are silver filigree butterflies (for $6 and up) . . . and lovely old brooches, and belts, and things. . . . That's Anthony Gardner, Mr. "Purple Shop," fixing up Penelope. . . .

The Chelsea Antique Market on the King's Road is where you find nice, romantic antique rags and tatters—the remnants from someone's old trunks, closets, attics—to put on and prance around London in. . . . Everyone does. It was at Stall 107 that Penelope found her sheathy cling of black net over gold lamé. And David Bailey found his 18th-century purple velvet jacket, his waistcoat embroidered in real silver. $70. . . .



More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

From the Middle, the Far East—to London . . .



And from London, to Rome, New York, Paris . . . a steady flow of some of the most ravishing clothes to be found—made of the diaphanous fabrics, the embroideries, the encrusted brocades, all the glorious stuffs of the Middle and Far East. . . . And it's what Thea Porter *does* with these fabrics that got her such a list of fans everywhere. . . . In London. ***Pamela Colin*** (above) sometimes wears her black tulle gold-embroidered caftan over a brocade weskit, red velvet trousers . . . or (right), a wrapped and scalloped coat of turquoise, daffodil



chiffon, great to-the-floor slit sleeves, over turquoise crêpe pants. . . . In New York, ***Jane Holzer*** is totally pro Thea (above). Wears her black chiffon gold embroidered caftan over black velvet trousers. Or an open coat, little weskit, harem pants of white embroidered silk. . . . Thea Porter is at 8 Greek Street, London. Henri Bendel sells some Thea Porter designs in New York. . . .



PATRICK LICHFIELD



JACK ROBINSON

Dean Martin's "son" lived on $6.50 a week.

When your father earns only $6.50 a week to support a family of four, you don't think about what you can buy for that money.

You think about what you can't buy.

You can't afford a better place to live than an unhealthy hut made of mud and sticks and bordering on open sewage. You can't buy more adequate food than cheap meat once a week, if you're lucky, and starches with little nutritional value. You can't buy milk. You can't buy warm clothes for cold, damp weather.



These are some of the problems Ricardo faces, the little Brazilian boy pictured here. And these are the problems 160,000 groups and individuals like Dean Martin help to solve when they "adopt" a Foster Child through Foster Parents Plan.

Dean Martin gives $16.00 per month to Foster Parents Plan in order to help a destitute child like Ricardo. In order to help him become better educated so he can improve his own life in his own country. To help provide him and his family with food, clothing, medical aid when called for and counseling.

When he became a Foster Parent, Dean Martin received a case history and photograph of his Foster Child. He exchanges monthly letters with his child, translated by Foster Parents Plan and is kept up to date on his progress through annual reports.

Won't you be a Foster Parent? You don't have to be a celebrity. And we don't ask you to find room in your home, just in your heart.

PLAN operates in Greece, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Hong Kong, Korea, the Philippines and South Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development.

Yes, I will be a Foster Parent

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
352 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010
In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. ☐ I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex_____, age_____, nationality_____. ☐ I will pay $16 a month for one year or more ($192 per year). Payment will be monthy ☐, quarterly ☐, semi-annually ☐, annually ☐. ☐ I enclose herewith my first payment $_____.

B. ☐ I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $_____.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP _____

DATE_____Contributions are income tax deductible

V-1-69

Vogue's 28th Prix de Paris

These are Thesis topics for Prix participants who have been notified by Vogue that they are eligible for this final stage in the competition.

Select one of the following questions, and answer in 1,500 words or less.

1. Who speaks most effectively *to* and *for* you and your contemporaries today?

2. Tell how it really is and has been on your campus. What has the school year been like, how have you been part of what's happening, how do you feel about it?

3. What's In and what's Out in your circle right now? What's fun-and-games, what's frowned upon? What are the raves at this stage in your life—in fashion, gimmicks and gadgets, books, movies, words and phrases, in people? What turns you off?

Your typewritten Thesis must be received by February 3, 1969. Mail to:
Prix de Paris Director,
Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10017

Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 149)

eggfruit because its flesh has the colour and consistency of hard-boiled egg yolk. Papayas for breakfast, knocked off the tree the evening before and served with a fresh-picked lemon.

And even in Florida she goes on the new California Wine Diet because it stresses fruits and vegetables, with which Florida is well endowed. In fact the fascinations of California wines can be sampled anywhere in the Americas. (Among their diet fascinations—circa 96 calories to the 4-oz. glass of table wine.)

To extend the cocktail hour and also make it less caloric, she tries long frosty wine coolers flavoured with local pleasures. A sangria, for instance, poured from a chilly pitcher of ruby red Zinfandel in which steep brilliant slices of Florida oranges, lemons, limes, and pineapples (circa 24 calories to the ounce of Zinfandel, if you want to measure this one). And inevitably and wonderfully, she quaffs the elixir of orange juice at its freshest and best.

The Paragon Traveller takes advantage. Realizes that facilities are there to facilitate her bodykeeping, reactivate her beauty. And that it is almost self-destruction to ignore them.

A stellar example is the Hollywood House of Beauty in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Pilot project for what may become a national chain of such "total beauty" salons, it is the brainchild of Eleanor Hansberry, the ingenious woman responsible for Hollywood bread, the 46-calories-a-slice loaf that is the basic premise of the Sandwich Diet on page 32.

In Mrs. Hansberry's unique salon you can get head-to-toe redemption and tactful suggestions about skin and anatomy maintenance. Suggestions implemented by services that extend far beyond hairdressing and manicuring and pedicuring, include a well-equipped gym that's there for the asking, no extra charge. In fact, if you are waiting your turn for a shampoo, the encouragement here is to pedal away on a machine for a few minutes rather than read the magazines. Bonus for any facial or massage client: a sauna room to further the toning.

Indeed, the Paragon Traveller takes delighted advantage of the new everywhereness of the sauna, particularly in the hot humidity of resortlands where the sauna's high, dry heat seems to provide an instant Everest-climbing tonic for both skin and spirits. Quick in, quick out to an icy shower, then into the sunshine, is the idea. In happy pursuit of her wintry beauty she knows that the most exquisite natural endowment of all is the sun. It can be her best cosmetic, can even out the skin's tonality, can do away with tension or environmental rashes. Importantly, it warms the psyche too.

Paradoxically she knows the sun can be her skin's worst enemy in the long run. Can, in the case of overcooking, cast a malignant spell over her whole holiday. So Paragon Traveller plays up to the sun, but plays it cool. Never goes out without some kind of sun lotion to protect her skin. Scooped up joyfully, the newest burn-scaring products now available—complete blocking lotions—allow her complete freedom to revel in the sun. How they work is simple. She suns as little or as long as she knows is right for her (no doctor ever suggested she should eschew the sun entirely), then applies the newest of sun blocks which screens out the sun's rays so effectively that she can sit in the sun the rest of the day and get neither burned nor one whit browner. A liberal coating of this is far more fun than to have to cover up her limbs in the middle of the day when her soul longs to bare them to soft breezes and warm air.

Although mentally blinded by the sun, Paragon Traveller stops right there on her sybaritic swing. In full sunshine, she wears dark glasses all the time, preferably grey or green lenses. And not just for looks. Exposure to bright sun damages sensitive eye-area skin and the retina of the eye. Only on a cloudy day do the pretty glasses with pale-tinted lenses come out of her outdoor spectacle wardrobe. . . . She learns to swim in the Fountain of Youth. But she wades first. . . .

Florida Surprises

(Continued from page 185)

skyline and landscape of the enchanted isle were completely changed. The new Palm Beach —the Golden Littoral, as Joseph Hergesheimer termed it—was Paris Singer's substitute for Isadora Duncan."

When Flagler ran Palm Beach and its hotels, the place was reasonably quiet, meant for invalids who liked a bit of quiet, high-stake gambling at the Colonel's, but when Mizner and Singer put up the Everglades Club, Singer changed all that. Johnston said: "He owned the Everglades Club outright. The Everglades Club was Palm Beach Society. Thus, Paris owned Palm Beach society outright. He was in a position to make or unmake society people at will; it was merely a matter of regulating his own household. . . . He allowed nobody to belong to the club on a permanent basis. Every club card expired at the end of the season, and whether a member got back into the club and into society the following year depended solely on Paris Singer's caprice. . . . He thinned out Palm Beach society ruthlessly. . . . Colonel Bradley had developed into a philanthropist, racing-stable owner, and social lion, and was considered the grand old man of Palm Beach; Singer was outraged when Bradley was suggested for membership in the club.

"Nobody was more enthusiastic over the Everglades Club than Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury. . . . She was the greatest of the Palm Beach institutions." In time the celebration of her husband's birthday became the high point of the season. A partner of J. P. Morgan & Co., he entertained his guests by singing on Washington's Birthday "The Old Family Toothbrush That Hangs in the Sink."

After Mizner rose to stardom in Palm Beach, he began to take off his coat in groups of coated men. Then he left off his tie. Finally by trimming off his shirttails, he invented the sports shirt.

These days, the sports shirt remains, the Mizner-Singer Everglades Club is still there, newer architects have torn down some of the Mizner fantasies, the descendants of the old families come, the place is more relaxed, the new arrivals find that the charity balls make the best ladders, and Money is still around. In fact, Palm Beach now is an island bound by four great pillars: Mrs. Merriweather Post, the Ogden Phippses, the Charles B. Wrightsmans, and the Nicholas R. du Ponts. Around them there is a dither of social fretwork.

If you drive on the new highway, Alligator Alley, that runs from Ft. Lauderdale to Naples, you will find that civilization ends on schedule ten miles from the coast at a little country store that advertises BAIT, AMMUNITION, and GROCERIES. The road then takes a slight incline for several hundred yards until it comes to a gate and a toll house; it is there, while you are fishing for your change, that you can look ahead: at the sudden vast endless empty silent river of grass, the Everglades.

The Everglades proper—over which you are now bowling at seventy miles an hour—is indeed a river, choked with saw grass. It rises at Lake Okeechobee and proceeds a hundred miles south—"proceeds" is too strong a word, it inches along through its muck and grass toward the Gulf of Mexico. It must be the most peculiarly shaped river on earth—at some points it is seventy miles wide—almost square.

After I had been driving for half an hour, feeling that something peculiar was going on, I stopped the car and got out. I was right. Nature was giving a performance, but a most disturbing performance. It was not for me; she was having a show for herself, a useless spectacle.

We are not used to that sort of thing. You know how in California in the spring a hundred square miles of upland will pull up a blanket of blue and yellow flowers and ogle you, to say the least; or how in New Hampshire in the fall a whole mountain will put on red and yellow and green leaves, and then wink and smile and beckon? The Everglades never gave me a glance.

To the horizon in every direction there was the uninterrupted grey grass, mildly rippling in the wind. Overhead there was a 180-degree sky—how long since you have seen that much?—dull blue. Nature, the virtuosa, was seeing what could be done with almost no colour and a few moving forms. Amusing herself, inviting no comment, no applause. And outdoing herself, creating a masterpiece as useless as any other.

Disturbing, yes, but only at first. For I finally realized that if I shouted Hello Out There! I would get no answer. This can be a very peaceful feeling.

It is a pleasure to report that in Florida, the Case of Wildlife vs. The People is in pretty good shape—for both parties. There is a network of National and State Parks, of refuges and sanctuaries, of innumerable private preserves where the wildlife can breathe easily and the people, on unarmed good behaviour, can have a look. The National Park Service has a million and a third acres of the Everglades locked forever in its Bureau drawer. The state has set aside well over fifty areas large and small. The National Audubon Society has snatched up six thousand swampy acres that contain the last great stand of the virgin bald cypress, the oldest trees in eastern North America, trees that were standing a couple of hundred years before Columbus arrived and started the whole trouble.

Here is news of a couple of the latest of the State Parks, one a curiosity, the other a wonder:

First, Koreshan. This is a pleasant area near Fort Myers set aside for camping and fishing. Its three hundred acres were given to the state by the Koreshan Unity, a religious sect that came to Florida in 1893 to build a new Jerusalem. Its leader, Dr. Cyrus R. Teed, in 1869 had had a "divine illumination" that revealed to him that the world, while indeed round, was not convex, but concave, and that we were living on the *inside* of the sphere. (The sun and the moon and the stars were all satis-

(Continued on page 204)

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Florida Surprises

(Continued from page 203)

factorily explained.) To become a Koreshan you were required to give up your family, your worldly goods and devote everything to the movement. Koreshan was one of those fascinating, cranky sects so common in America in the last century.

Koreshan prospered for a while, in fact prospered enough to be condemned and attacked by the neighbours. Its statement of principles was not popular: "A Commonwealth conforming to the ancient Christian communal life. The followers, men and women with children, gave their worldly goods to the religious order and devoted their lives to the church. Performance of use, love, and service to the neighbour and denial of monetary gains were postulates."

It was not a popular program then, and it is not a popular program now, as any hippie will tell you.

The movement declined as almost all the others except the Mormons have; it consists now of only a few gentle people who still live beside the Park. You may make a tour of what remains of the New Jerusalem. It is easy to smile at the concave world, but while I was smiling I suddenly remembered that Einstein had said that the universe was probably pear shaped.

The other park, the wonder, is the John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park, off Key Largo, the first underwater park in the continental United States. It is an area twenty-one miles long, three and a half miles wide, and it covers part of the only living coral formations we have.

By its rules, it is a proper park. Though one may fish, there is no spear fishing, no hunting or shooting, no dynamiting of specimens, and no disturbing the wrecks that lie along the bottom. You can skin dive and take pictures and enjoy, and that's it.

And you can enjoy. I talked to a knowledgeable scuba diver, one who has got wet in all the waters of the world, and he told me that these reefs were the most fascinating he had ever seen.

A trend is developing, now that skin diving has become so vastly popular, to "dress up" the area. Last summer some time a sculpture made by Joan Miró was sunk at a scenic area off the French Riviera. There was one before that. Off Genoa, in 1954, someone sank a Christ of the Deep. Now a copy of that sculpture, a nine-foot, four-thousand-pound bronze, has been sunk and anchored in the Coral Reef Park. The park is easy to get to —fifty miles south of Miami.

You drive along a perfectly ordinary street in the town of Lakeland, Florida, turn left at a certain stop light, drive for perhaps half a mile and then, when on your right you see as glorious a set of buildings as you have ever beheld, you stop. This is the campus of Florida Southern College, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.

Why this marvel should be here, the seat of a not very large Methodist school, I do not know. Timidity, perhaps, on the part of every other institution of learning. Well, brave Methodists.

Florida Southern is the largest complex of Wright buildings ever completed. The project dates from 1936, possibly his most magnificent period, just before he built his own palace of Taliesin West. He was such a master by then, having taught and built prodigiously for fifty years—and incidentally inventing modern architecture as he went along—that the plans for the college fairly poured out of him. He had dozens of other projects going at the same time, but by 1940 the first structure—The Annie Pfeiffer Chapel—was up, and by 1941 five units were completed of the final nine.

The campus was built in an orange grove that sloped gently to a lake. The buildings were connected by covered esplanades that cut diagonally through the trees. Everywhere there was planting, heavy planting. The tower of his chapel Wright called a "flower tower" and it dripped vegetation. The whole complex has a light, airy Floridian character and does not in the least resemble Wright's northern buildings. His aim, Wright said, was to show "the cultural value of organic buildings well suited to time, purpose, and place."

When you stand looking at one of the buildings—the chapel, or his library—you have to shake your head to clear your mind. You have just come in from the ordinary world—almost all the rest of the world is ordinary compared to Wright—and it takes a while to comprehend the complexities of these virtuoso performances. Here is not architecture as we know it, here are masterpieces. Wright is the only genius of the first rank that America has produced, and he never lets you forget it.

I wish I could say that the campus remains as he left it. It does not. There are new buildings by other hands. They are not bad buildings, but they are distracting—like Stanford White's additions to Thomas Jefferson's campus at the University of Virginia—and they are not Wright's.

And the orange grove is gone, the "heavy planting" Wright called for is meagre, even the flower tower on the chapel is bare, only a few dead weeds. Perhaps this is temporary. And what remains is as fascinating as anything in Florida.

I first saw them out the train window. We were passing through cattle country in northern Florida; and each cow, I noticed, was surrounded by four or five white birds, and sizable birds.

"What are those?" I said.

"Those are cow birds," said someone who knew.

It was my first sight of the birds that have suddenly become a Florida spectacle. Cattle egrets is their more polite name. They are everywhere. Most birds stay at home out of sight and make you come look for them, but not these. They are certainly conspicuous.

In repose, staring vacantly at nothing, cattle egrets are not overly handsome. They looked rather as if they had been drawn by an amateur artist, the longish necks widening into the rest of them. At that season the bills and legs were yellow.

But in flight they are glorious. Hundreds of them—in a wild easy splutter against the blue sky. Nobody knows for sure how they got here. They have long been known in Spain and Africa and more recently in the rest of Europe. Somehow they got to South America in 1930. But how? Blown over in a storm? As hitch-hikers on a cattle boat? Nobody really knows.

The first bird was seen in Florida in about 1948, obviously an invader from South America. In 1960 the patient National Geographic Society counted 15,000. Now you couldn't count. They are everywhere, into Louisiana and Texas, as far north as Canada. Wherever, apparently, there are cattle.

Unlike other egrets and herons, they avoid marshes. Their attachment to cattle, however, is practical, not sentimental. They like cattle because cattle stir up their food—bugs, grasshoppers, flies. I talked to a ranch hand one day who felt harassed by them: Whenever he is clearing brush with a tractor, they surround him—"they land on my head," he said, "they're before, behind; I'm afraid I'm going to run over them." They're after bugs, and ranchers on the whole love them. They practise insect control.

There are, in the state of Florida, 932,089 seats in restaurants—oh, give or take a seat or two. That divides down into possibly ten thousand restaurants. I can't, in all conscience, pose as an expert or a guide.

There is plenty of good food in Florida. The pompano and stone crabs are outstanding, but you can have anything you want. I can tell you about a trio of good restaurants that you might, in the ordinary way, overlook.

The first is Louis Pappas's in Tarpon Springs on the west coast. Tarpon Springs is an interesting place—a little piece of Greece in Florida, the centre of the sponge trade. Years ago Greek divers were brought over wholesale, they have established an enclave and have kept it pure. As you walk along the waterfront in the evening, you feel you might be walking on a street in the Plaka or on Rhodes. This is because the stores are stuffed with those appalling souvenirs

that you flee from in Greece and the people are unmistakably from the Dodecanese. In the middle of this stands Pappas's handsome restaurant. cool and lined in marble.

The food, I am happy to say, is not Greek. My steak was the best I had had in months, the salad excellent, and the fresh cocoanut-milk ice cream dandy. The service is leisurely and friendly—as in Greece. After dinner it is pleasant to walk across to the piers and inspect the sponge boats and then go into a shell shop and pick up a cowrie or a sand dollar.

There is a great feeling of well-being in Tarpon Springs these days. All Greeks are cousins in truth—and this was the year cousin Aristotle got married and cousin Spiro got elected Vice President.

In southwest Miami live a hundred and eighty thousand Cubans. As you drive along the streets you feel you are in a foreign city: There are no signs in English and the shop windows are dressed in the hurly-burly brilliance of Spanish taste. Of course there are many restaurants, but in particular there is Juanito's, on S. W. 8th Street in the 2200 block.

Juanito's has been brought over from Havana—the waiters, the chefs, the busboys, even the dishwashers have come along. And so have the patrons in their proper dark clothes, their children in turtlenecks and miniskirts, all polite and intent on their food.

If you go there, have the black bean soup. Extraordinary. I had it and shrimps in some sort of sauce, a pitcher of icy sangria, and then real espresso, three cups. The place seems to be continually busy. I had lunch, I suppose, at a quarter of four, and it was comfortably full.

And now, Cap's. It must be one of the oldest restaurants in South Florida, but the casual visitor will not have heard of it, because it is so bloody hard to find. It sits on an island in the Inland Waterways, beside the town of Pompano, and can be reached of course only by boat.

Cap is now dead, but the place goes on, exactly the same, run by his son and daughter. Unpretentious Cap's is. It consists of several wooden structures that were, I believe, at one time painted green. But generations of the best people have always found it out. In the 'thirties, before the Mafia had made the Grand Bahamas so plush and legal, Cap's had gambling, and all the pretty people of those days came down from Palm Beach, were rowed across, risked a few hundred dollars—and dined.

That was always the real reason to go to Cap's—the food. He caught and cooked it himself—the best mackerel you ever ate. Years ago Edward Stettinius had a house on the beach opposite, where Sir Winston Churchill came to visit. Every night Cap rowed the great man's dinner across the waterways to him.

Thank God nothing has changed. Nothing has been modernized or glamorized or improved. You have a drink in what was the old gambling room, then walk across to the same clean, well-lighted dining room where a great dish of the same regal and illegal salad is waiting you—fresh hearts of palm. Then the magnificent mackerel, French fried potatoes, and delicious *canned* peas.

To get there? Find the town of Pompano, then find 24th Street. Turn toward the sea, and keep going until you see a yacht club. To the left of it is a pier and a sign "Cap's." From there an ancient motor boat will take you to the Island.

Oh, Cap's. I wish I were there tonight.

Florida is a watery state. Most of its boundary is coastal, it is dotted everywhere with lakes and swamps, five feet of rain comes down on it, springs bubble up from under it.

These springs. Wakulla, in the north near Tallahassee, is the largest and deepest fresh-water spring in the world—it disgorges half a million gallons a minute. And there are scores of others, some of which naturally have been made safe for tourists and skin divers. The waters, of course, are incredibly clear.

I spent some time at one called Homosassa which is on the west coast some seventy-five miles north of St. Petersburg. The spring and the river it creates have been known for a century—Grover Cleveland used to winter on its bank—but now the area has been fixed up and cleaned up and an aquarium sunk into the clear, deep waters. Actually it is a kind of reverse aquarium. The fish are not brought to you—you are brought to the fish. From behind a circle of heavy glass windows about ten feet under the surface you can observe—fish, fish, thousands and thousands of fish. Oddly, it is not only river fish that put themselves on display, but their cousins from the salt Gulf, who swim nine miles up the river to—well, no one knows precisely why—but presumably to take the waters.

There is a lot more at Homosassa than the fish: deer, bears, otters, alligators—and ducks. Those ducks. The people of Florida, both publicly and privately, have developed a maniacal interest in ducks. You see them wherever you go, every sort of ornamental, domestic, and foreign brand, they waddle up to you and demand a handout. Ducks are not my specialty. I've seen enough and eaten enough. Even my favourite, the one at Caribbean Gardens that plays a piano, has a meagre repertoire. After an hour of him, I've had it.

But it was the alligators that surprised me. As I walked tentatively out onto the bridge that spans their pool, a bag of marshmallows was thrust into my hand. "Throw some," I was told.

Well, I threw one, and up from the slimy depths leaped a monster and snapped up the sweet. I threw again and again. Snap and again snap.

I had always supposed that alligators lived on a diet of unwary natives. They certainly do in the books I read. So I was the more surprised to see these great fire-breath reptiles leap and snap at the little white puffs, then settle back, eyes closed in ecstasy, munching contentedly, as a cow on cud.

I can't tell you how it started, but now it is their thing. This is what the world has come to.

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Hypnosis

(Continued from page 137)

for a variety of reasons, want to explore the Big Why; many are prompted by the sense of astonishment and delight they feel when they realize they have triumphed over odds that previously seemed insurmountable. Ideally, the changed style of their lives becomes a matter of conviction, a reasoned and rational procedure that is not dependent on the suggestion therapy of hypnosis but is built into their "private mythology." The new self-image has become more than an image; it becomes real.

Of all the situations in which hypnosis is useful, probably the simplest and most circumscribed is the smoking problem, and it is widely used for that purpose in many parts of the country. "With smoking we're on the side of the angels," explained Dr. Spiegel.

He has achieved impressive results with long-term smokers on the basis of one session of habit correction using hypnosis. The same therapy—as well as other methods—is now effectively used by hundreds of other doctors. Dr. Edward Ernest Rockey, a famous New York chest surgeon who uses Dr. Spiegel's system, calls it "preventive surgery." . . . It is only for patients who want to stop smoking and have been unable to by using ordinary methods. They are put on their own immediately after the first visit. Note here that there is no such thing as "cutting down"; the patient stops smoking or he doesn't.

A follow-up study of this method shows that so far about fifty per cent of the people treated in this way are still not smoking six months later. Not uncommonly, they express a feeling of total surprise at their own success, which is one of the clearest demonstrations of the fact that hypnosis taps a source of strength which has been present in the subject all along and releases a fresh flow of self-discipline.

Overeating is a considerably more complex problem, partly because of the simple necessity of eating to survive. Most people who turn to hypnosis to lose weight have been through the diet mill, have seen internists and possibly nutritionists. The physiological picture, in other words, has been medically established. and the facts are available to the doctor who specializes in hypnosis. He normally devotes the first session of hypnosis to a clinical evaluation of the problem, attempting to find out whether tension, anxiety, and/or depression are involved. He knows that generally the overweight person eats according to a pattern that satisfies body needs and goes beyond that point, seeking satisfactions that should be found in some other area of life. Teaching such patients self-hypnosis exercises and then putting them on their own, after relatively few sessions of habit correction and hypnosis, is only occasionally successful.

More often, it is arranged for the overweight person to maintain contact with a doctor for a period of months or even years. Some psychiatrists have had significantly improved results by arranging regular sessions of group hypnosis to which patients go once a week, once a month, or, in time, only when they feel the need of having their original therapy reinforced. Some stress is placed on the doctor's seeing to it that these groups are "aesthetically compatible," which puts them in a different category than the Overeaters Anonymous groups. They also differ because competent medical supervision is closely maintained.

In many situations where hypnosis proves both quick and useful, anxiety is part of the picture; even though it may not be instantly apparent as a presenting symptom, it is uncovered during the course of therapy. Certain skin diseases respond favourably for this reason. Some forms of migraine can often be relieved by removing tension, which is paramount among the several factors that create its acute discomforts. Airplane phobia can be dispelled.

Chronic pain that is not subject to chemical treatment is responsive to altered *perceptions* of pain learned in hypnosis; this is effective in long-term afflictions and very frequently in the shorter time spans of pain accompanying dentistry and childbirth. In obstetrics, true hypnosis—designated as just that—has proved very successful; other systems depending on instruction in breathing, exercise, and relaxation often enable women to bear children with a minimum of discomfort, and what happens has some resemblance to the hypnotic state although the specific vocabulary of hypnosis is not referred to by either doctor or patient.

Anaesthiologists find the techniques of hypnosis valuable in preparing many people—especially children—for surgery; they are able to contain fear and therefore, in some cases, to reduce the amount of chemical anaesthesia required—fear is an enhancer of pain.

Swallowing problems—even those as minute as the inability to swallow pills—very often disappear. People who want to wear contact lenses can learn to do so more quickly, and presumably more easily, under hypnosis. "Underachievers," however, must be motivated and able to concentrate if they hope to improve their study habits; if their lack of academic zeal is the manifestation of a deeper conflict with one or both parents, their chances are less than good.

In all branches of psychotherapy including analysis, hypnosis can be a useful adjunct in that it accelerates and facilitates the focus of treatment. Since it is goal-directed, it may free the patient from a symptom or habit that impedes progress, or it may —through the uncovering process that takes place in the trance state—shed new light on previously unarticulated clues.

At the moment, the uses of hypnosis within the framework of orthodox medicine can be quick and effective in a variety of plaguing and painful dilemmas. What most people so far do not understand is that this entire branch of therapy—which once suffered the taint of the charlatan, the entertainer, the Svengalis and Rasputins—has become both respected and respectable, a thoroughly constructive measure among the barrage of techniques in modern medicine. Some leading American medical schools require that all students be exposed to the subject and, for graduate students, they provide intensive courses in the skills and uses of hypnosis. During the past ten years there have been growing numbers of physicians in general practice all over the country who have sought graduate training to learn how to use hypnosis, and these numbers seem to be increasing every year.

One question about hypnosis is asked more than any other: "Is it dangerous?" Evidence that it could be is rare and inadequate. In general, it is more accurate to say that, when hypnosis is administered in the context of sound clinical judgment, it is remarkably safe. . . . What constitutes danger? The crux of that lies in the fact that the patient permits another person to make an arbitrary invasion into his private world. . . . What constitutes sound clinical judgment? The rules are quite simple: Avoid untrained people who may be mischievous; never "let your fingers do the walking" through the pages of the classified telephone directory. Never place your trust in a practitioner of hypnosis who advertizes. Not only is this against the professional ethics of qualified people, it means that you are quite unprotected by law. Professionally qualified people are licensed and responsible to state authoritites and to their colleagues and peers; they include M.D.'s, dentists, and Ph.D.'s trained in psychology.

Among medical men who have practised hypnosis extensively over the past decade and for some years before that—beginning during the 1930's—those who have seen it operate most frequently and have also pursued objectively criticisms levelled against it are able to say that the only possible adverse effects occur when it is used by the unskilled and unqualified.

POLITICAL REVOLUTION & CURRENT ART

By Barbara Rose

"Political commitment in our times means logically—no art, no literature," Robert Motherwell and Harold Rosenberg flatly said in 1948. Despite their disavowal of political content in art, there continued to be a general feeling that art was on the right side of politics—that it addressed itself, albeit indirectly, to correcting political and social injustices. This attitude was an inevitable hangover from the Surrealists' contention that art had somehow to affect life by changing consciousness.

Unlike the nihilistic Dadaists who wished an equal plague on everybody's house, the Surrealists proposed a cultural revolution that would act as a catalyst to the political revolution. And it is this commitment to the cultural revolution, or the revolution in consciousness as a necessary preliminary to the political revolution, that continues to animate much current art. More, I venture, than it might appear. Not only the Beatles sing of "changing your head"; there are artists about to infiltrate industry with the implicit motive of "changing the head" of rigid corporate technocrats. At the same time, many Abstract painters and sculptors have suddenly become politically active. For example, a majority of the leading artists in America exhibited works in Chicago in a protest against the tactics of Mayor Richard Daley; scores more have supported various demonstrations against the war in Viet Nam.

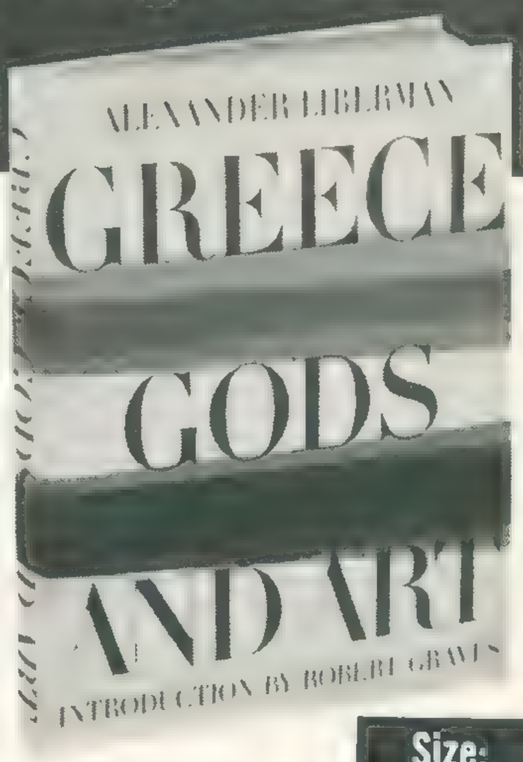
One recent "peace" exhibition that still deserves special notice was the show of non-objective art organized by critic Lucy Lippard and painter Robert Huot. This exhibition was notable because at the same time that politics was not allowed to turn art into propaganda, neither was art permitted to escape political responsibility. As a statement of a position, it was close to Ad Reinhardt's contention that commitment to Abstract art *meant* political commitment, rather than the reverse.

As for the show, none of the work was bad or boring, although most of it was relatively slight—apparently a major pitfall for such artists of the Minimal persuasion as those exhibiting. Robert Huot's monochrome blue horizontal sliver rounded at one end and Robert Mangold's pale minimally shaped canvas stood out; both played successfully with the line between the perceptible and the imperceptible that interests many young artists deeply involved in the pursuit of the nuance, a pointedly elusive and ephemeral sensation.

Various "anti-formal" tendencies, including in New York Eva Hesse's exhibition at the Fischbach Gallery and Alan Saret's auspicious first one-man show at the Bykert Gallery, continue the subversive line of questioning and attack promulgated, among others, by Claes Oldenburg, Robert Morris, Dan Flavin, and Carl André. There is no question that these artists, working with soft, loose, and random form or pure immaterial "proposals" as Flavin has termed his speculations, are carrying art beyond the gallery, the museum, and the middle-class living room. Whether this constitutes a cultural revolution meant to spur a political revolution remains to be seen. Although the connections between Oldenburg's Happenings and the Yippie demonstrations, or between Morris's pile of dirt begging to be trampled into costly carpet and the provocations of the Living Theatre may not be obvious, I am sure that they exist, and that their common end is the disposal (through erosion) of our present cultural and political institutions.

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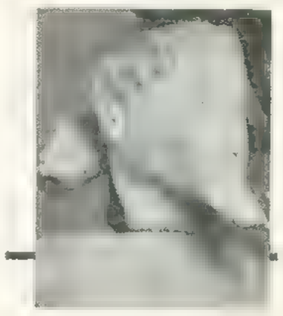
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A profoundly evocative text by a professional archaelogist

Iris C. Love, Director of the Knidos Archaelogical Expedition, has supplied commentaries that expand upon the photographs—that refurbish the worn stones with the life-breath of the dynamic civilization that shaped them: The Earth Mother, Apollo, Zeus, Athena, Dionysus, Demeter, and Persephone are alive and present to the modern reader as they were to the Greek creators of their images.



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

A climate for your hair . . .

If you could keep the sun from breaking it, the rain from frizzing it, and the air from polluting it, you might manage to keep your curls forever silken. But unless you have found a way to exist entirely *sous cloche,* the knowing approach is to let some wizard like Vanda provide a sort of sheltering climate for your hair. A telephone call will bring a Vanda lady to visit, bearing no less than five specifics for the greater glory of your crown. Controlled Action Shampoo appears to have built-in radar to provide what your locks lack, and remove what there is too much of. Speaking of removal, the Dandruff Treatment Shampoo does an extraordinarily efficient and pleasant job, while the Cream Shampoo is as solicitous as a nanny in dealing with sun-bleached, man-bleached, or otherwise colour-changed hair. The remaining boons are a gel concentrate shampoo—an extravagant latherer in a tube, and a conditioning cream rinse which offers both shine and protection—and is especially planned to operate as a team with Controlled Action Shampoo.

Baring up beautifully . . .

It is no longer prudent to assume that even a birthmark is private, what with our greatest designers turning out to be such cutups and causing acres of skin to be exposed. Even the waistline has gone public, along with bosoms and thighs, and what it all leads up to is a deadly serious survey of all territory between shoulders and soles. Fortunately, Princess Marcella Borghese did her surveying early on, and has stirred up a marvel called Body Treatment Massage Oil. Use it at bedtime, in an easy-massage-y sort of stroke, with special attention to those maddening little creases on your upper thighs, and that delinquent flab at the waist. It's up to you to decide if you need massage oil every night or only several times a week.

It's brush hour . . .

Which is any time you're busy getting prettier. (How *did* we make it with makeup in the primitive pre-brush era?) Some of our groomiest beauties are discovering a swinging setup that holds the five brush absolutes in an upright position, for easy choosing and quick drying. The stand —which will jazz up any bathroom—is made of nut-brown teak, and it folds, just in case you want to take it along on trips. There is a pony-bristled powder brush, plus sable-tufted brushes for eye-lining, eye-shadowing, eye-shading, and lip-lining. The whole *wunderbar* is five inches wide, eight inches tall. Only in the Gilded Cage at Henri Bendel.

The legendary lily . . .

As long ago as the eighth century A.D., as far away as Tibet, a spiky, sturdy plant called the aloe vera—the true aloe—has been known and greatly treasured for its mystical power to heal. It was used in many ways, but most often to treat disorders of the skin which, in those pre-antiseptic times, must have been under constant bacterial siege. Meanwhile, back at the twentieth century, the pure and delicate gel derived from the aloe's leaves has been incorporated into some very special balms and lotions called, understandably, Alo Cosmetics. The ritual is thus: Alo-V Skin Cleanser stays on your face and throat for three minutes before it gets wiped off; Alo-Tone, lotus-green and deeply refreshing, splashes on next, followed by a clear gel moisture-maker called Alo-Face. And just before bedtime, stroke your lucky face with Alo-Moisture Plus night cream, a mousse of pale-pink euphoria.

The lap, lap, lap of luxury . . .

More specifically, the engaging sound of wavelets in those vessels of pleasure known as bathtubs. It is frequently observed that even a deep-dish masochist—a rejecter of unnecessary taxis, a frowner on out-of-season endives—will go all sentimental over good, expensive soap. At Charles of the Ritz, where luxury is loved and encouraged, such extraordinary bathing beauties as Ritual Bath Oil and Body Perfume have been joined now by a Ritual-pervaded soap. Ritual is a green, hothouse smell, and each round and elegant beige cake of soap is drenched with it, so it does that graceful job of leaving your hands and body delicately fragrant, too. There are three cakes in a box, and it should be noted that even the box is a charmer.

For want of a nail . . .

A girl is apt to feel that there aren't too many really substantial kingdoms around anyway, so she'd do better to give her dower rights in exchange for a dependable set of fingernails. Well, cheery news is on the way for all the nailless nymphs who have been driven to wearing gloves everywhere except the bathroom. Yardley has just cooked up a clever new formula called Gentle Strength, which promises to give just that to failing nails. Yardley suggests a rescue operation which involves morning and night applications of health-giving Gentle Strength for five days. Next come two days of evening coatings only, followed by a week of every-other-day action. Ecco—ten rather proud nails in two mere weeks. The bottle comes with its brush affixed to the stopper to make everything blissfully easy.

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 144 and 145; other views, yardages, details)



7353

7494

Above: See-through shirt—Vogue Pattern 7353. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 12: 1⅞ yards of 48″ fabric without nap. $1. Canada, $1.10. Velvet mini-jupe—Vogue Pattern 7494. Waist sizes 23 to 29. For size 12 (waist 25½) : 1½ yards of 42″ fabric with nap. 75c. In Canada, 85c.



7478

7449

Above: Transparent shirt—Vogue Pattern 7478. Sizes 8-18. For size 12: 2 yds. of 48″ fabric without nap. $1. Canada, $1.10. Velvet pants—Vogue Pattern 7449 (pattern has cuffs). Waist sizes 23, 24. 25½, 27, 29. For size 12 (waist 25½) : 2⅝ yds. of 42″ fabric with nap. $1. Canada, $1.10.

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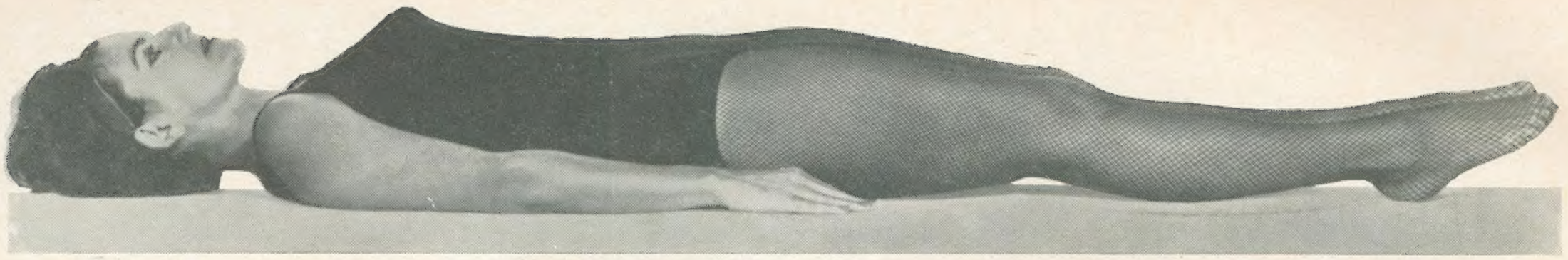
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And—most important of all—

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The answer is simple:

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And, most important of all, gravity—the great killer of all animal life on earth—*begins to weigh down your body more and more every year.* Until it becomes difficult to walk, almost impossible to run, a terror to climb stairs. Until your entire body becomes a battlefield of aches and pains. *Until you find yourself cutting out half the real FUN in life—because suddenly, tragically, you're just "TOO OLD"!*

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The simple poses that do this are so powerful that they not only pour new youth into your face, but also:

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